

THE GREAT SKUA IN SHETLAND (Illustrated). By Ralph Chislett.

COUNTRY LIFE

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EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

The Basic Slag Problem

BASIC slag has a very extraordinary agricultural history. Its value did not come to be thoroughly known until 1884, when Professor Wrightson made field experiments with it at Ferryhill and Downton College. Previous to that it had been considered worthless and thrown on the refuse heap as merely a waste product of steel-making resulting from the Bessemer process. During the 'nineties much was done towards its development by Sir J. J. Dobbie and Professor Gilchrist of Bangor and Professor Somerville at Cockle Park in Northumberland, which belongs to the Duke of Portland, who lends it for experimental purposes to the Armstrong College. It became known ten years ago that basic slag from the open hearth process was a different product from that which had been yielded by the Bessemer process. Little was thought of that until an enormous impetus to the open hearth process was given by post-war conditions. This process is now being applied by so many works that the older process is likely to become obsolete. It is certain that were this to happen, the basic slag would no longer be of very much use to the agriculturist; hence the situation that has arisen and is now being thoroughly investigated. Dr. Scott Robertson has written a book on the subject which has just been published by the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, who are to

be congratulated upon their enterprise. The book is for the learned more than for the general. It bristles with tables and technical expressions, and will probably only be studied by those who have a serious intention to enter into the profession of husbandry. These are not conditions that tend to make a book popular, even when it is such an excellent one as that written by Dr. Scott Robertson. It has the *imprimatur* of Dr. Russell of Rothamsted in a most interesting introduction, to which we are indebted for a brief history of basic slag as an artificial manure. The Director of Rothamsted says: "I have personally inspected the plots on several occasions and have seen much of the experimental work. It deserves close study by all who are interested."

In the case of almost any other artificial manure the difficulty that has arisen would be removed. The facts are, that the farmers of the United Kingdom could use with advantage 800,000 tons per annum of basic slag, but the output of British steel in 1920 yielded only 560,000 tons of slag, and in Dr. Russell's words, "There is therefore a considerable gap between the farmers' potential demand and the visible supply." Now, if it were any other artificial, such as superphosphate, nitrates, sulphate of ammonia or potassic fertilisers, the manufacturers might be trusted to fill up this gap. It is to their interest to sell as much of their goods as they can and they will meet the wants of their customers, but the steel-maker is in a different position. His business is that of making steel, and steel has ranged from £27 a ton in 1920 to £10 in 1921, and the 4cwts. of slag obtained from each ton of steel produced a worth less than five shillings to the steel-maker and about fifteen shillings after it has been ground, graded and bagged by the slag grinder. Evidently the steel-maker is not going to alter his method of making his chief product so that there may be more of the by-product of a higher quality. Nor will he enlarge his factory except for its original purpose—that of supplying steel. The basic slag is, in his eyes, an unimportant by-product. Thus the agriculturist has no influence either over the quality of this artificial nor over the quantity. He is almost bound to find a phosphoric manure that will replace basic slag.

Dr. Scott Robertson has done a great deal towards helping the farmer out of his dilemma, and other suggestions are ripe for experimental investigation. What Dr. Scott Robertson has done is very well shown in Dr. Russell's preface. He has not only demonstrated that increased yields can be obtained; he has explained why. His investigations have been applied to the effect of phosphates on the botanical composition of herbage, of discussing the results of the botanical analysis, the effect of phosphates on the moisture content and temperature of the soil, the effect of phosphates on the texture of the soil, and the results of these and other researches are set out in a book which everyone who is supervising the tilling of the soil should make it a duty to acquire and master. It may not be possible for every farmer to read such learned text with ease and advantage, but the main points made by Dr. Scott Robertson are very clearly set forth. The book is sure to become a college text-book, and the information it contains will percolate down through the learned to the unlearned. It would be a mistake, however, if the practical farmer placed too much reliance on that percolation. It may come quickly, or it may be delayed, whereas a vigorous attempt to master the ideas set forth would enable a competent husbandman to prepare for what is inevitably coming. Dr. Scott Robertson has included some typical mineral phosphates in his trials that will be found of great use in the future, when such a valuable fertiliser as basic slag may disappear.

Our Frontispiece

THE HON. MRS. RICHARD NORTON is the elder daughter of Sir David Kinloch, C.B., M.V.O., and was married in 1919 to the only surviving son of Baron Grantley.

* * * Particulars and conditions of sale of estates and catalogues of furniture should be sent as soon as possible to COUNTRY LIFE, and followed in due course by a prompt notification of the results of the various sales.



COUNTRY NOTES

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD ends a contribution to the *Times* on housing with a programme which is worth serious attention. He divides it into two sections. Although the Government have decided to end their State-aided housing scheme, we are definitely committed to build about ninety thousand houses. The problem, then, will be how to encourage the private builder, avoid subsidies and restore normal conditions. It is suggested by the Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Health that the developed land, now ripe for building, at the disposal of various authorities should be made available for private enterprise. On this land twenty thousand houses could be erected, and for that purpose it could be leased to private builders on fair and perhaps tempting terms. He suggests that further assistance might be given to the thousands of workers throughout the country who desire to purchase their own houses. It certainly should not be beyond the power of a competent financial expert to produce a scheme that would not mean any great financial commitment to the country and yet would do much to promote thrift. In the second part of his programme Sir Kingsley Wood urges that the State should proceed, under the Housing Act, to grapple vigorously with the slum problem, and he also urges the repair of houses, mentioning casually that 418,000 houses had been repaired in 1920. This does not seem a bad method of providing the country with an abundance of cheap houses. Sir Kingsley Wood holds that we ought soon to be getting them at £350, as the cost of bricks, piping, boilers, baths and fire-grates is rapidly falling.

"THE RIGHT HON. THOMAS BURT died [on Thursday at his residence in Newcastle, aged eighty-four," is an announcement in the newspapers that would make the dead thrill with astonishment if they are permitted to remember the poor coalminer's son of North Shields. Thomas Burt's career was as striking as it was honourable. His education ceased at the age of ten, and consisted of eighteen months' attendance at a dame's school. After that he was put to the work of a "trapper" at a wage of tenpence for a twelve hours' day. Great was his joy when the wage was increased to fourteenpence a day, and later to eighteenpence. At fourteen he was a "water loader" at two shillings and sixpence a day, but for that princely wage, as it was considered then, he had to stand for twelve hours or more a day up to his middle in water. Yet, after twelve hours of such work, he devoted himself to his books and laid the foundation of that wide reading for which he was afterwards well known. It will be seen that the sturdy youth really hammered his career out of the hard circumstances in which he was placed. In 1874 he was elected Member of Parliament for Morpeth, and he had

risen to be Secretary of the Northumbrian Miners at a salary of five hundred pounds a year. He held this office for forty-eight years. During one of the strikes which occurred between 1877 and 1886 he voluntarily surrendered a hundred pounds out of his salary to help the miners. In the House of Commons the upright and straightforward character of Thomas Burt won him universal respect, as also did his strict rule of avoiding speech on anything of which he had not a first-hand knowledge.

AVIATION exacts many tributes from its votaries, and it has never exacted a greater sacrifice than that of Sir Ross Smith. The verdict at the inquest states all that can be said about the accident—Sir Ross Smith died by misadventure. One of the worst features of such an accident is that no witness is left who saw what actually occurred. The brother of Sir Ross, in giving evidence, said he thought at first that the pilot was "stunting," but it soon became obvious that the machine had got into a spin, the altitude being at the time about 1,200ft. Sir Ross seems to have got the machine out of the spin about halfway down, but got into a spin again and eventually crashed to the ground. Every care had been taken to see that there was no defect, and the test pilot, Captain Cockerell, attested that he flew the machine on Thursday morning on its maiden flight, taking Sir Ross Smith and Lieutenant Bennett as passengers. He said that its behaviour was perfect in every respect. They were up about half an hour, and then he landed and Sir Ross Smith took his place. His death ends a career that began during the war and became increasingly brilliant after it. He was only twenty-nine, and a great future seemed to stretch in front when this grievous accident brought it to an end.

FLAMES.

The worth of a dream, or a thought, or a deed is the same.
Do they feed—do they smother—the spirit's beautiful flame?
For the sake of that fire to this pitiless earth we came.
God looks from heaven, not searching our words or our deeds:
That the flames burn low
Or with radiant glow
Is the only thing He heeds.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

THE age of adventure and discovery has not yet passed if we may believe the account which Lieutenant S. Reginald Smith, Captain R. Hall and Engineer Sub-Lieutenant L. Marsden Smith give of their adventures in the valley of the Amazon. They claim to have discovered two tribes of Indians almost like apes in their lack of intelligence. In their wanderings of three thousand miles, nearly to the borders of Bolivia, they were attacked by other tribes of Indians who still shoot with the bow and arrow. In the course of their trip they found gold, silver and platinum, and wild nuts which contained a valuable quantity of oil. Unfortunately, these specimens were lost, but they are said to have brought a remarkable collection of photographs home with them.

TO-DAY is Shakespeare's birthday; but we have no right, even if we have the inclination, to celebrate the event with rejoicing. It is for England of this age a day of shame when in not one of London's fifty theatres is a play of his to be seen. Yes one, the "Old Vic." is holding a birthday festival, at which various actors are giving their favourite scenes, and thither must the devotee of our greatest poet repair if he will do honour to him. We publish to-day some account of the "Old Vic.," where for the last few years it has been possible to find Shakespeare performed. The present time, with the possible exception of the Commonwealth, when all plays were prohibited on moral grounds, stands alone in the history of British drama as a period when no manager will put Shakespeare on the boards. In compensation it is good to know that at no time were his works more lovingly studied.

WITHIN a short time it may be expected that a beginning will be made in carrying out a large scheme of emigration to Australia. The speech made by Sir James Mitchell,

the Premier of Western Australia, at the Lord Mayor's lunch, sets out the need of the Colony for a denser population. As he put it, Western Australia has a mile of railway to every hundred people, and what is wanted is five hundred people to every mile of railway. They could not increase the population in this way all at once. The idea is rather to direct a stream of emigration at the rate of twenty-five thousand people a year. Sir James Mitchell says that if they get the right men and a fair amount of money the men will be placed where they can achieve success in life and the money will return a fair rate of interest. This speech should be considered along with the Bill now before Parliament "to make better provision for furthering British settlement in the Overseas Dominions." It is being brought forward with strong support, being presented by Mr. Amery and backed by Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir Alfred Mond and Dr. Macnamara. Its essential clause is that it authorises the expenditure by the Secretary of State of a maximum of a million and a half pounds in the financial year in which the measure is passed and three millions in any subsequent financial year for the purpose of assisting emigrants with passages, financial allowances, special training or otherwise. If the Bill is passed, therefore, Sir James Mitchell will receive the co-operation for which he asks.

IT is extremely interesting to observe that a large number of Members of Parliament are in favour of shortening speeches. They give many reasons, but probably the most important one is that any orator, unless he be of the first rank, is bound to become exceedingly tiresome and boring if he is allowed to speak at any length he chooses. Many Members of Parliament might, with advantage, take a course of education in the art of expressing themselves with brevity. There is no secret in the matter. What leads to extended talk is loose thought. What brings with it conciseness is clear thinking. The principle goes through all the operations of life. A great business man, a great soldier or a great speaker will nearly always be found to be in the habit of reducing every involved and complicated proposition to its elements, that is to say, to a fine simplicity. Let the politicians educate themselves a little in that art, and business would be expedited enormously. That would be much better than any artificial means of shortening speeches.

THE annual golfing battle between the sexes is being renewed at the end of this week at Stoke Poges. Its history has been a curious one. The ladies with their odds of a half have seemed year after year as if they must win, and yet never once have they done so. If they played as they do against each other in their own Championship there could be but one result, since to such golf as that no team of male amateurs could hope to give them the odds. But they never have yet played their proper game, and it is conceivable that they never will. Golf is the only game in which theoretically the play of one side has no effect on that of the other, but practically the effect is very great. To be toiling far behind from tee after tee and to be continually conscious of being the weaker party is a strain difficult to bear, and so the ladies have found in this match. There are one or two of them, such as Miss Leitch and Miss Wethered, who can hit so far as to play an essentially masculine game. They are always likely to crush their adversaries, but there are not yet quite enough of these golfing giantesses. If there were the men's case would be hopeless indeed.

THE Roads Improvement Association has issued a Report for the year 1921-22 that is most encouraging. In previous years there has been little beyond talk and preparation. On this occasion there is a record of substantial work accomplished, and instead of being confined to new ideas and schemes, new taxes and new departments to handle them, we have a story of real improvement. The local authorities have begun to re-surface long lengths of road with the best and latest materials; a large number of roads have been widened and strengthened, and in several places new connecting and by-roads have been constructed. The writers of the Report say that "There

is every indication that these developments will continue and that in five to ten years the results of this work will be a large increase in road traffic facilities throughout the country." All this is very good for trade and for enabling workers to live at a distance from the crowded central areas. It is very much to the credit of the Roads Improvement Association that it has helped to get these things done in the depths of a great depression in trade which has materially affected its financial resources.

THE great Exhibition of the Theatre which was recently held in Amsterdam will open at South Kensington early in June. It is apparently being somewhat extended so as to include more work by British artists. We hope sincerely that a good show will be put up by the many local "schools," whose growth all over the country is one of the more hopeful signs of an æsthetic revival in this country. If certain of the leading societies, such as the Cotswold Players and the Nameless Society, would combine to give an illustration of what stage effects can be obtained with sheer simplicity, it would encourage other small amateur societies, beginning to work in town or village, to persevere along the right lines. There will, of course, be a number of those delightful model "sets" by professional artists, and many from Germany, where experiments in production have gone very much beyond the English. It is to be hoped that the forthcoming exhibition will be visited by all intelligent people, whose ignorance and lack of appreciation of stage art is, in the vast majority of them, astounding.

OIL AND ORANGES.

Within old Jenkins' shop
Are strangely mingled smells
Of soap and oil and oranges,
Dried figs and muscatels;
And when his brown cart takes the lanes
The smell goes too—as strong as drains.

The needs of all the villagers
Old Jenkins' shop provides,
Save coffins for the corpses
And bouquets for the brides,
And richer Jenkins grows each year
By buying cheap and selling dear.

And often as I tramp the lanes
Or cross the furrowed soil,
A whiff of air my nostril greets
Laden with cheese and oil,
And 'neath the stormy winter sky
Old Jenkins' cart goes rumbling by.

Some say old Jenkins is a rogue,
A saint some say, is he;
But I praise heaven that made his shop
To smell so royally
Of oranges and cheese and soap,
Oil, margarine and mouldy rope.

R. B. INCE.

A NOTABLE Victorian and a fine example of muscular Christianity has passed away in the person of Mr. Douglas Moffat, whose death is announced on the border of eighty. When he was a student at "the House," Douglas Moffat was among the best amateur athletes of his day. In boxing he was particularly distinguished, as he won the three championships at Oxford, the light, middle and heavy weights. He was also a famous cricketer, playing for the M.C.C., Oxford, Harlequins and Incogniti, as well as for his county, Middlesex. The performance by which he was best known was achieved when he was playing at Oxford for the Bullingdon against Cambridge Athenæum. He was at the wicket ten minutes, received sixteen balls and scored forty-seven runs. In archery he was very nearly the best expert at a time when this was a very fashionable pastime. With all this it was characteristic of Mr. Moffat that he was intensely interested in religious movements, especially in the association called "Ministering Children." He was a man after the heart of Charles Kingsley. Some of our readers may remember that he contributed some interesting articles to our pages in the early years of the war.

BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY IN SHETLAND

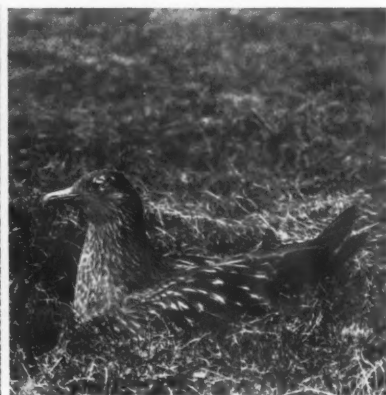
I.—THE GREAT SKUA.



AT THE NEST.



THINKING OF SETTLING DOWN.



SITTING.

TO the average man the storm swept Hebrides, the Orkney Islands and that most northerly of British archipelagoes, Shetland, are little more than names, connected in the mind with shipwrecks and belated election results, and which became more prominent in the newspapers in wartime. All, however, are attractive to sportsmen, particularly to wildfowlers and anglers, and in Shetland "Waltonian" and "Keartonian" meet at night at the same table to discuss the day's bag and the comparative merits of their respective pursuits. Although most summer visitors who stay long are held by the excellent fishing, the islands have a special significance for bird lovers. There can be few places where even the ordinary visitor comes into such close contact with so many birds. Countless sea birds haunt the cliffs, islets and adjacent waters. Ducks and divers swim on the lochs. Wading birds, seen on English moors but seldom, nest in numbers in the moss and heather. Uncommon migrants also are noted there in the season. Each group of islands has its individual attractions, while the interesting features they possess in common are many. When Henry Willford and I decided to visit Shetland in 1921 the deciding factor was, probably, the knowledge that but little bird photography had been done there—that and the great skua. A writer in *Punch*, recently, offering information to intending

visitors to Shetland, sagely advised them to turn to the left on reaching the mouth of the Thames. We preferred to sail from Leith. Lerwick was reached in due course, after calls at Aberdeen and Kirkwall, without other discomfort than that caused by the passage of the famous "Roost" (or tidal race) of Sumburgh. From Lerwick—to be recognised, aptly says *Punch*, by the gulls upon the housetops—we continued our journey in the little steamboat which serves the "North Isles," and the arrival of which is the event of the week to the crofters. Responding to the steamer's syren, sounded at the entrance to some "voe" (villages are usually placed on the shores of these fine, natural harbours), a broad-beamed boat would appear, propelled from near to the bows by half a dozen grey-bearded oarsmen. In the centre, perhaps, a cow, pony or a few sheep stood, surrounded by packages, boxes and the mail. Passengers sat in the stern if there was room. The transfer was quickly effected, and the stalwart greybeards returned with a cargo very similar in appearance, including no doubt the week's supply of goods for the local shop and some newspapers.

A few miles from our destination we were met by a launch, owned and sailed by one "Wully"—so called by everyone—a gentleman whose unaffected, unvarying friendliness was considerably to help the success of our trip. And an hour or two after we had landed the first skuas' nest was found by my



MANTLE MOTTLED WITH WHITE.



THE YELL



CHICK AND HEN.



CHICK AND COCK.



ALIGHTING AT THE NEST.

wife. We retired for the night very well satisfied with the look of things.

Breeding elsewhere, so far as is known, only in Iceland and the Faroe Islands, in Britain the great skua has been confined until very recently to Unst and Foula in the Shetlands. Saxby, the biographer in his day of Shetland birds, writing in 1861, mourned the fact that only two "cruelly thinned" colonies existed, and that soon the great skua will be "only a memory of the past." As recently as 1895 the number of pairs breeding on Unst was given as only seven. That this fine bird has not only survived but has increased its numbers, established new colonies, and even lately spread to Orkney, is due, I believe, to the exertions of successive members of two well known Shetland families, acting in the belief that it is almost as praiseworthy for a landowner to keep the wild life of his domain intact as to keep the acres themselves. The Great War, too, has probably aided their effort. They had to contend with the indiscrimination of the poorer Shetlanders to whom any egg is food, no less than with the greed of vandal collectors. We ourselves heard of a "gentleman" from England, who, after paying an all-night visit to the breeding ground on Hermaness, departed with a portmanteau practically as light as when he brought it empty. "They don't weigh much, but they are worth a lot," he told the steward of the boat which took him away. One is glad to think that the spoils, taken at a time when the species was threatened with extinction in its British haunts, will be so much less valuable to-day with its re-establishment in some numbers. It is interesting to note that the efforts of the Edmonstons and Scotts were recognised in 1891, by the presentation of the Silver Medal of the Zoological Society of London.

In a great skua colony nests are not placed near together, each pair seem to have their own territory. As we draw near the first pair arise, and some distance ahead others can be seen watching. Suddenly we are startled by a mighty swish of wings close to our heads. We cannot be far from the nest. The swoops continue, and only when within a very few feet of our heads does the great bird swerve upwards and over. Finding that we take no notice, the skua drops, some fifty yards away, to our level and flies directly at our faces; but again, fortunately, passes over. The attacks continue until we are well past the territory of this pair and are then renewed by the

next. Occasionally a bird, bolder even than its fellows, will actually strike with its feet when passing over. If one stands still with the head bent, such a bird will strike again and again, the strength of the blow increasing with each swoop until it becomes quite unpleasant. What wonder, then, that gulls and other sea birds flee from the pirate skua and hurriedly disgorge the fish they are carrying. With a violent, downward swerve the skua is after it, his velocity much exceeding that of the falling fish. Occasionally, too, when a gull declines to disgorge, or perhaps has nothing to part with, the attack is pressed home and the gull itself is killed and devoured. When the sea eagle was a regular breeder in Shetland the great skua's activities, as he fought off every enemy which approached his young, were said to afford protection to the lambs.

The bird not sitting, except when away for food, usually keeps watch, standing or squatting on a hillock anything up to a hundred yards away. After rain the pools of water are frequently used for bathing purposes, the splashing being vigorous.

On our first working day the hide from which I was photographing was rather low, and if I sat upright my head made a lump in the top of the tent covering. After a while I heard wings whirring above, and feeling the weight, I realised that a great skua was standing on my head. I kept quite still, and he remained there for a minute or two. This easy indifference to the hide was quite usual. One afternoon the hen sat directly facing me. The position was of little use to me, and feeling that any other would serve the skua's purpose quite as well, I spoke to her about it. As my overtures met with no response, singing was tied as loud as vocal chords would permit, and at length she shouted back. For a time we literally yelled at each other, but nothing would induce her to change her position. The back of this bird, which sat much the more frequently and was therefore set down as the hen, was very much mottled with white. Several times in the course of a day there seemed to be an interval for lunch. The darker mate appeared

to drop some food in the heather some distance away, after which he took a turn on the nest, while the hen went off for refreshment to the place which her mate had last left.

A fortnight after the first of our photographs were taken one of the great skua's eggs was found to have just hatched, but a gale of wind which was blowing shook the tent so forcibly as literally to vibrate the peaty ground into which it was fixed,



HATCHING DAY.

making photography practically impossible. We hoped for better things on the morrow and fortunately got them.

The morning was glorious. The journey to the nest was full of interest. Shags, black guillemots and razorbills were conspicuous almost everywhere. Handsome drake eiders consorted in parties near to the islands where their mates were sitting. Occasionally mergansers were seen, and great northern divers. The latter bird is persistently stated by natives to breed in Shetland, but proof, although sought for, is to ornithologists still lacking. Seals pushed great faces out of the water to watch us go past.

We climbed to the skua ground to find that both eggs had now hatched. The young were pretty little balls of silky

earlier age than many birds. We surmised that the food of the young "bonxies" would require very little digestion, having possibly been swallowed by two birds before it was served up for them. After each meal one or other of the old birds settled down on the ground ready to brood when the chicks should be tired of stumbling round. Stumbling it certainly was, they fell every few steps, and usually had a little featherless wing extended, reminding us that wings were probably used for balancing purposes before being fit for flight. To be a spectator of the intimate life of such a bird alone seemed well worth the journey to Shetland.

Like many Shetlanders, the great skua has a taste for the eggs of wild birds, unfortunately for the eider ducks,



INTERESTED SPECTATORS.



FEEDING TIME.

down, fawn brown in colour. When handled they showed fight by striking feebly at our fingers. One of them had already ventured some yards away from the nest. Very soon the lighter-backed bird came to the chick in the nest and brooded. Some eggshells still remained, and within reach lay half a sprat and a small fish head. These the brooding bird soon swallowed. Next the dark bird arrived and joined the elder chick a few yards away. Stretching out his neck until his head almost touched the ground, a headless fish was regurgitated. He made no attempt to place the food in the youngster's mouth, but demonstrated its use by picking bits from it, toying with them, and by dragging the whole fish along the ground before the chick. The youngster soon responded by nibbling at the other end and learned to pick and swallow his own food at a much

many of which lay their first clutches of eggs on the ground frequented by him.

The bird cannot be said to be graceful on the ground, though it certainly gives the impression of strength. On the wing, however, the appearance is very fine, and has been described as similar to that of an eagle "with the long quill feathers clipped off." The white patch on each wing lends distinction and is used for display. In the presence of its mate a bird may often be seen to spread its wings to their fullest extent backwards and to bend its head forward, at the same time uttering a gruff note.

After the breeding season, usually about mid-August, the Shetland Islands are left, and for the rest of the year the great skua is a bird of the ocean, being seldom seen except in odd ones and pairs.

RALPH CHISLETT

THE EARLY FLEMISH PAINTERS

BY TANCRED BORENIUS.

TO Sir Martin Conway has fallen the rare experience of traversing twice, with an interval of more than thirty years, exactly the same field of art history and criticism; for it was in 1887 that his volume on the Early Flemish Painters saw the light, and a few weeks ago was issued the book which forms the subject of the present article. ("The Van Eycks and their Followers," by Sir Martin Conway, M.P. London: John Murray, 42s. net.) In a charmingly written introduction, Sir Martin explains the genesis of his second monograph on the subject which had fascinated him a generation ago; how for many years he had lacked the leisure required for a revision of the earlier book, which he had been urged to undertake from many quarters; and how at last the terrible catastrophe of the world war made it possible for him to grapple with that task. The growth of our knowledge of the subject, and the thoroughness with which Sir Martin has gone to work, are evident even to the most superficial observer; for the slender volume of 1887 has grown into an imposing quarto of well over five hundred pages.

The subject of Netherlandish painting during the two centuries which Sir Martin's book mainly covers—1400 to 1600—is one of great charm and complexity. For one thing, the whole organisation and machinery of the life of the artistic community in Holland and Flanders during that period is known to us in great detail: and a most absorbingly interesting picture it all makes. Art historians, primarily concerned with the work of art as the subject of their enquiry, as a rule, either wholly ignore or refer but superficially to these aspects of the art life of the past. Not so Sir Martin. In great detail does he unfold before our eyes the complicated guild system of those days, with special reference to the guilds of artists and craftsmen. We follow, step by step, the whole career of the Netherlandish artist: from the stages of apprentice and journeyman to that of a master of his guild; we are made to realise the elaborate regulations which governed the activity of an artist, and obtain fascinating glimpses of the many and curious manifestations of the corporate spirit. A striking parallel to the various congresses of modern times is afforded by the meetings, which used to take place at fixed intervals between delegates from all the painters' guilds in the country, some days being spent in discussing questions affecting the interests of all members: new methods, new ideas of composition and technique doubtless thus gained a rapid diffusion; and Sir Martin is surely right in attributing the remarkable uniformity in types

and processes which obtained all over the Low Countries to these periodical meetings of elected representatives of the guilds. Also, we get vividly brought before us the delightful old world formality which characterised the festal occasions on which the members of the guild met. We are especially fortunate in possessing Albert Dürer's own account of the entertainment given to him by the Painters' Guild at Antwerp on August 5th, 1520, when—it is best to give the words of the artist himself—

the painters invited me to their guild-hall with my wife and maid servant. They had a quantity of silver-plate and costly furniture and most expensive food. All their wives were with them and as I was led in to table every one stood up in a row on either side, as if they had been bringing in some great lord. Among them were men of very high standing, all of whom behaved with great respect and kindness towards me saying that in whatever they could be serviceable to me they would do everything for me that lay in their power. And while I sat there in such honour, the syndic of the magistrates of Antwerp came with two servants to me and gave me two cans of wine in their name and said to me that they wished thereby to do me honour, and assure me of their good-will. For that I returned them my humble thanks and offered them my humble services. Next came Master Peter the town carpenter and gave me two cans of wine with the offer of his services. When we had long been merry together, up to a late hour of the night, they accompanied us home in honour with lanterns and prayed me to rely confidently on their good-will and to remember that in whatever I wanted to do they would all be helpful to me. So I thanked them and lay down to sleep.

But if from the available data we can thus form a remarkably complete picture of the life of the early Flemish masters, our knowledge about them also shows considerable gaps. Not only is the authentic information about some of the greatest of them strangely incomplete and even contradictory; but of many artists of great importance we do not even know the name: the whole of their work has to be reconstructed on the internal evidence of pictures only, and some descriptive name of recent invention has to make shift for the real name of the artist. The history of early Netherlandish painting as at present conceived displays a formidable-looking array of these invented descriptive names—"The Master of the Masdalen Legend," "The Master of the Virgo inter Virgines," "The Master of the Holy Blood," and the like. With many of these anonymous artists we no doubt descend to a level of very inconsiderable æsthetic distinction, and no little patience is required in following



"THE RETURN FROM THE HUNT," BY PIETER BRUEGEL.

up the performances of these minor men. Sir Martin does not omit to mention a great many of them, and the scholarly completeness of his book will make it of the very greatest service to specialists; but it is emphatically a book for the general reader as well, and even when treating of highly technical matters it never becomes dull, but is always eminently readable and carried out with a just sense of proportion.

In treating of the beginnings of Netherlandish painting, it used to be customary to take the view that there was something almost miraculous in the way in which the art of the brothers Van Eyck came into being, that they had no fore-runners of any importance. This is now all changed, and in particular do we at present realise to what a great extent the way was prepared for the Van Eycks by that remarkable group of artists, the brothers de Limbourg—Pol, Hennequin and Herman—whose principal patron was the Duke of Berry, a French Prince of the Blood Royal, and whose most important work is a series of illuminations, painted between 1411 and 1416, for a Book of Hours now world famous under its French name, "*Les très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry*." This precious manuscript, bequeathed by the Duc d'Aumale to the French Nation, is at present kept in the Castle of Chantilly near Paris.

One of the few pieces of information of a more personal character which we possess concerning Pol de Limbourg and his brothers is that at Christmas, 1411, they made their patron, the Duke, a present of a panel painted so as to look like an actual book—in other words, one of those pictorial jokes which have been associated with innumerable artists ever since the days of the Antique; but I am referring to this anecdote, which is quite authentic, because it throws into relief Pol de Limbourg's realistic tendencies. Among the illuminations of the Chantilly manuscript there is one class of subjects which offered a particularly wide scope for those tendencies, namely, the illustrations of the calendar with which the book opens. In accordance with an ancient mediæval custom, the twelve months of the year are symbolised by pictures of the various occupations, mainly rustic occupations, pertaining to each, and these paintings by the Limbours occupy a position of the first importance in the history of painting of everyday life, as well as of landscape painting. What remarkable results the Limbours achieved in their attempt at conquering nature may be seen, for instance, in the illumination of the month of December as symbolised by the Hunt of the Wild Boar, a composition in which the principal group is surely an unsurpassed masterpiece of keen and sensitive realism. The scene is laid in the forest of the Castle of Vincennes, the lofty towers of which stand silhouetted against the deep autumnal blue of

the sky, emerging above the thick wood where the frost has bared the trees of their leaves, which colour the ground with touches of gold. In looking at a picture like this we realise why Sir Martin sums up the achievement of the Limbours in the significant phrase: "Landscape art had been born."

The names of two brothers Van Eyck, Hubert and John, are in the first instance connected with the great composite altarpiece, "*The Adoration of the Lamb*," which Hubert began for the Church of St. Bavon at Ghent, although he did not live to finish it: after Hubert's death in 1426, the work was completed by John in 1432. This altarpiece occupies in the history of Netherlandish painting a position akin to that which, say, Masaccio's frescoes in Florence or Michelangelo's paintings in the Sistine Chapel hold in the history of Italian painting. It must be emphasised, however, that although it is customary to mention the names of the two brothers in one breath, and they undoubtedly have much in common artistically, their styles are not by any means identical. Their artistic temperaments are very different; Hubert is much the more emotional and lyrical artist of the two, while John Van Eyck's outlook, on the other hand, is much more calm and balanced than that of his brother, and with him the concern for verisimilitude of effect is pushed much further. No more characteristic work by John Van Eyck could be quoted than his well known picture of John Arnolfini, a Bruges merchant, and his wife, in the National Gallery, painted in 1434. By his interiors in this style, with very delicate effects of light and shade, John Van Eyck struck out a line of artistic expression which came to be much exploited by his contemporaries and immediate followers in the Netherlands; and John Van Eyck also here points the way to the great Dutch painters of interiors in the seventeenth century—Pieter de Hooch, Jan Vermeer and others.

Considerations of space forbid me to follow step by step Sir Martin's account of the further development of the Flemish school: it comes to a conclusion with a most interesting chapter on Pieter Bruegel, the great realist and painter of peasant life, whose contact with the tradition, which owes its origin to the Limbours, can be well seen, for instance, from his marvellous landscape in the Vienna Gallery, so noble and monumental in its design and so refreshing in its rendering of healthy and vigorous rustic life: the huntsmen returning from their day's work, followed by their dogs all set off in dark silhouettes against the white masses of snow; while below in the valley the villagers are skating on the ice of the lake. As Sir Martin well says of the author of this picture: "Those who have once felt the power of Bruegel must turn away from him with regret. Lesser men tire us, but the greatest are never tiresome, and he was of that company."

FORESTRY FOR FARMERS

THOUGH few farmers can spare the necessary ground on which to form a belt or plantation of useful timber trees, yet even the holder of a few acres of land can, without the slightest inconvenience or curtailment of the area under crops, plant alongside the headlands and ditches of his fields a few specimens of the white or Huntingdon willow. The timber of this particular willow is by far the most valuable of any that is grown in this country, and as the tree is of the simplest culture, arrives at maturity at a comparatively early age, produces the best timber when standing singly, and is not only highly ornamental, but an excellent shade and shelter giver, there is no reason why, even from a purely commercial point of view, farmers should not add to their income by planting a few specimens on suitable parts of their holdings. This fact has often been brought home to me, but never more forcibly than when reporting on the willow trees on Lord Rayleigh's estate, in Essex, where this tree is cultivated in large numbers and produces timber of the finest quality, for which the highest price has been paid by the manufacturers of first grade cricket bats. Most of the willows for bat making on this estate are felled at a comparatively early age, and some of thirteen years' growth were pointed out to me that contained in the butt cut, or up to the first branches, oft. to roft. of first-class timber, and similar trees were sold for about £10, or an average of 20s. per cubic foot. The trees are planted in single line alongside the field divisions, which in most cases are open ditches, and at such distances apart as will allow of their perfect development. This latter is most important when cultivating the willow for the value of its timber, as under plantation management the trees do not succeed in so satisfactory a manner nor produce as valuable wood as when standing in the open and freely exposed to light and air.

The propagation of this willow is of the simplest description, and consists in inserting stout poles, usually 8ft. long and 2ins. or 3ins. in diameter, in the soil where the trees are intended to stand. Great care is necessary in order to prevent bark-chafing when planting the "sets," and though a crowbar is used to make the hole into which these are inserted, injury to the bark is almost unavoidable, which in all probability will account for the diseased condition of this tree which has been

reported from certain parts of the country of late. Now, with reference to the particular willow tree that produces the most valuable timber for the making of cricket bats, a point of much importance, some botanists tell us that such is not the white or Huntingdon species (*Salix alba*), but a distinct and well marked variety named *Carulea*. On this point there is a diversity of opinion, and when examining the trees on the estate referred to I took the opportunity to forward specimens to Kew for identification purposes. The official reply was promptly returned that the branches sent were those of the white or Huntingdon species. In a young and rapid growing state the Huntingdon willow seems, on a cursory examination, to differ somewhat from the fully developed tree, but on closer examination the two are found to be identical. For several reasons this particular willow is peculiarly suited for field planting. In the first place it takes up but little room and requires no special soil in which to grow, any unctuous loam of a dampish description suiting it to perfection, while a still more valuable trait is that the planter can hope to get a return from the timber during his lifetime, as that of the most value for the manufacture of cricket bats can be produced in the short period of fifteen to twenty years. Neither is special preparation of the soil necessary, while the poles or sets can be purchased in quantity at a moderate rate. Another advantage in the cultivation of this tree is that as the stem for timber purposes is kept branchless for three parts of its length, farm crops suffer but little when growing in its close proximity; indeed, in the case of those to which reference has been made, their presence alongside the field divisions causes no curtailment in the cultivation of any of the crops. This is further accentuated by the fact that the roots of the tree cause little or no injury to crops growing in their immediate vicinity, while the branch-spread is not excessive even in the case of a twenty years' old specimen. Some care is necessary in the cultivation of this willow for timber purposes, such as keeping the stem free from branches up to a certain height, which can readily be brought about by rubbing off the buds or shoots as they appear. Then, staking in a young state may be necessary, as wind-tortured trees do not succeed in a satisfactory way. In the case of several of our home-grown timbers there are usually difficulties in the way of finding a suitable market, but not so with that of

the willow, for demand is far in excess of supply, and such is likely to be the case for some time to come. Neither must the price that was realised on Lord Rayleigh's estate be considered as particularly high, as Mr. Foreman of Chelmsford, the well known dealer in this timber and celebrated maker of cricket bats, told me last summer that for two willow trees at Epping he had just paid £125. As the timber can be delivered to its destination in the shape of "clefts," which are about the length of a cricket bat and when seasoned are light of weight and take

up but little room, the present excessively high carriage rates by road, rail or water need but little consideration on the part of the grower. In the whole range of forest trees it is questionable whether any other, from an all-round point of view, can compare with the Huntingdon willow for planting by field margins and streams, and as the general run of farm crops yield but a low return at the present time, there is no reason why the farmer should not augment his income by planting a few lines of this profitable tree.

A. D. WEBSTER.

CHINESE PORCELAIN IN THE BEVAN COLLECTION

THE Chinese porcelain in the Gerald Lee Bevan collection, which will be sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on May 26th, is of more than usual interest. In addition to its general level of excellence it includes several pedigree pieces which formerly belonged to such well known collections as the Richard Bennett and the

appreciated by the devotees of Chinese porcelain; but the former is better suited to pieces with intricate modelling because there is less loss of sharpness and definition with a single covering than with the double coat of glaze and enamel. Both were used as early as the Ming dynasty, but they only reached maturity in the K'ang Hsi period (1662-1722), to which almost all



1.—THREE EXQUISITE DEEP PLATES OF THE YUNG CHENG FAMILLE ROSE PAINTED IN THE BEST STYLE OF THE CANTON ENAMELLERS, WITH INTERIOR SCENES SHOWING LADIES AND CHILDREN AND THEIR PETS.

Kennedy and not a few which had the distinction of figuring in the monumental volumes on "Chinese Porcelain and Hard Stones" compiled by Messrs. Gorer and Blacker. Its strongest departments are the *famille verte* of the K'ang Hsi period and the Yung Cheng *famille rose*. In the former there are some important figures of a purely ornamental nature and a number of cleverly modelled objects which combine use and ornament, for the most part richly enamelled on the biscuit.

These on-biscuit porcelains, so eagerly sought by collectors, are distinguished by a depth and harmonious softness of colour due to the matt surface of the underlying porcelain body. The same or very similar enamels applied over the bright porcelain glaze have a more lustrous and jewel-like effect. Both methods of decoration have their merits and both are much

specimens of this class in the Bevan collection should be attributed.

Prominent among the figures are two representations of Kuan Ti, hero of the romantic age of the Three Kingdoms, who was raised to the status of God of War by the Emperor Wan Li in 1594. The threat of a Manchu invasion was then hanging over the head of the Chinese Emperor, and he needed the special protection of a God of War. Success, however, went eventually to the Manchus, and they took over the Chinese Kuan Ti with the rest of the Chinese Empire and Chinese civilisation. In one of the figures the god is mounted on a wonderful aubergine horse, and in the other (Fig. 2) he is represented enthroned on a rocky base with one foot on a tiger and in his right hand a sword, now shorn of its blade. His

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2.—FIGURE OF KUAN TI, THE WAR GOD, IN PORCELAIN OF THE K'ANG HSI PERIOD, AND TWO YUNG CHENG LANTERNS WITH EXQUISITE PANELS IN FRETWORK, CALLED FROM ITS DIFFICULTY "KUEI KUNG" OR "DEVIL WORK."

left hand holds an object which resembles a silver ingot or a cake of ink. This is a typical figure of the God of War, with fiercely martial countenance and long beard, clad in massive armour. His face and the scale armour are coloured pale aubergine, and his cloak is a richly flowered brocade with a green-black ground. There are details such as his beard, hair and stomach armour in unglazed biscuit, and others touched with green and yellow, and the back of his rocky seat is painted with a landscape in black pigment under a thin smear of greenish white. These colours comprise the usual palette of the on-biscuit enamels, and they are seen again on the two figures leading loaded horses in Fig. 3, one horse being green-black and the other piebald of black and greenish white. In both cases green predominates in the man's attire. But it is worthy of note that in the black-horsed group there are details in opaque blue and muddy pink enamels which show that the piece was made

at the end of the K'ang Hsi period, when the first symptoms of the *famille rose* had begun to appear. In contrast with this, the jar which stands between the two horses has indications of Late Ming manufacture. The shape and the unglazed base and the design of lions in peony scrolls are all in Ming taste, and the enamels, green and aubergine in a yellow ground, are applied to the glaze and not to the biscuit. The same technique appears on the two kettle-shaped teapots below, though these are of well established K'ang Hsi forms. The insides are decorated with four panels in pierced relief, in one of which is depicted a pine tree, stork and two spotted deer, all emblems of long life; in another a pine tree with monkey, deer and fungus; in another a lotus plant; and in the fourth a nondescript animal of feline appearance seated by a rock. The surrounds are a fine brocade pattern with floral scrolls in red, yellow, blue and green in a pale green ground. The



3.—FIGURES LEADING LOADED HORSES, K'ANG HSI PERIOD. JAR WITH DESIGN OF LIONS IN PEONY SCROLLS IN MING TASTE, AND TWO KETTLE-SHAPED TEAPOTS. * BAMBOO TEAPOTS ENAMELLED ON THE BISCUIT WITH PRUNUS BOUGHS IN AUBERGINE AND WHITE ON A LEAF-GREEN GROUND.

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His

two charming bamboo teapots are enamelled on the biscuit with prunus boughs in aubergine and white on a leaf green ground, the handles and spouts being coloured green and black.

Turning again to Fig. 2, we find an exquisite pair of hexagonal lanterns in thin and beautifully fashioned porcelain. The sides are partly pierced in the daintiest fretwork, which required such skill in manipulation that the Chinese called it "kuei kung," or devil's work. In the centre of each side is a medallion painted with a flowering plant, and on the borders is a soft brocade of flowers and foliage in a ground of dotted green. The presence of *famille rose* colours in full maturity shows that these are Yung Chêng porcelains.

As already stated, the *famille rose* is well represented in the collection. There is, for instance, a set of five, comprising three covered jars and two beakers, which was illustrated in Gorer and Blacker, Plate 201. It is a very remarkable garniture of eggshell type with deep ruby pink ground in which are prettily shaped panels with landscape and floral designs and a cock among flowering plants; besides which the pink

ground is studded here and there with chrysanthemum flowers in colour and a band of green brocade girdles the neck and the space above the foot. There is a series of teapots in various shades of pink, and a set of plates with deep pink ground and panel designs; and there are some exquisite deep plates in eggshell porcelain painted in the best style of the Canton enamellers. Three of these are illustrated in Fig. 1. All have charming interior scenes with dainty ladies seated by a table and children playing beside them, and in one of them two pet rabbits are a centre of attraction. The scenes are set in shapely panels framed with many borders of rich diaper and brocade patterns. The right-hand plate of the lower row has a beautiful floral scroll on the rim outlined in black and filled in with gold, and the left-hand piece has a black hexagon diaper with reserves in blue and gold on the rim and a "ruby back."

These are some of the Bevan porcelains, but there are other pieces not less interesting. Together they will make a most attractive exhibition and will undoubtedly focus the attention of collectors from all parts.

THE BLACK LAKE POULTRY FARM

BLACK LAKE POULTRY FARM is situated close to Egham in the broad green valley of the Thames. It is remarkable as one of the latest and most successful of those great chicken insallations which are gradually taking the place of the older fashioned and smaller poultry farms. It strikes one indeed as more of a factory than a farm in which the workers are all clothed in white and divided into two tribes—the White Wyandotte and the White Leghorn. These breeds of poultry occupy a leading place among those noted for egg production. Indeed it has been alleged that transformation of chickens into egg-producing machines has had the effect of causing them to diminish in size, just as certain breeds of cows that for generations have been milked for all they were worth have become comparatively diminutive. Such are the Jersey, Dexter and, we might add, the Ayrshire. It will be found in each case that the progenitors were tethered and milked to the utmost that they would yield. In consequence, they developed large udders and milk veins, but became almost useless as beef producers. It has frequently been said of late that the White Wyandotte is suffering in a similar way from being obliged to concentrate her energies on egg producing. At the Black Lake Poultry Farm this danger is well understood, and avoided. On this farm it has been proved that the pullet laying a little over two hundred eggs in the year can do so without injury to progeny, and the annual flock average in point

of fact is about two hundred and nine. A bird that lays anything approaching to three hundred is got rid of. If this be sound poultry-keeping it incidentally shows that the introduction of electric light as a stimulant to laying is uncalled for. Anyone who can induce chickens to lay more than two hundred eggs in their first year has no need to stimulate the productive powers of these chickens.

As a matter of fact, very great pains are taken to maintain the constitution of the birds at Egham, as can be shown by tracing the development of the egg-laying bird through its history while it still is in the shell till it takes its place in the ranks of the workers in the egg factory. To do that we must begin in the incubator house. It is a large building carefully insulated to provide against violent changes of temperature. It is 150ft. long by 20ft. wide, and has an average height of 20ft. The incubators stand in rows and the house is kept at a regular temperature of 50° Fahr. In order to avoid the fluctuations in temperature due to sudden changes in the weather, steps have been taken to keep the cold and heat out by means of double doors, cavity walls and roof. The plant is capable of hatching out five thousand chickens every three weeks, and the incubator house contains twenty-five incubators each capable of holding two hundred eggs at one time. The heating is effected by hot water circulating pipes, the water being heated and maintained at the proper temperature by means of an automatically controlled gas burner



LOOKING ACROSS THE BREEDING PENS.

fitted outside the egg chamber. About 500 cubic feet of gas is consumed in the incubation of a set of eggs. We have said that the incubating house is kept at a temperature of 50° Fahr., but for incubating purposes a heat of 104° Fahr. must be regularly



THE BROODER HOUSE INTERIOR.

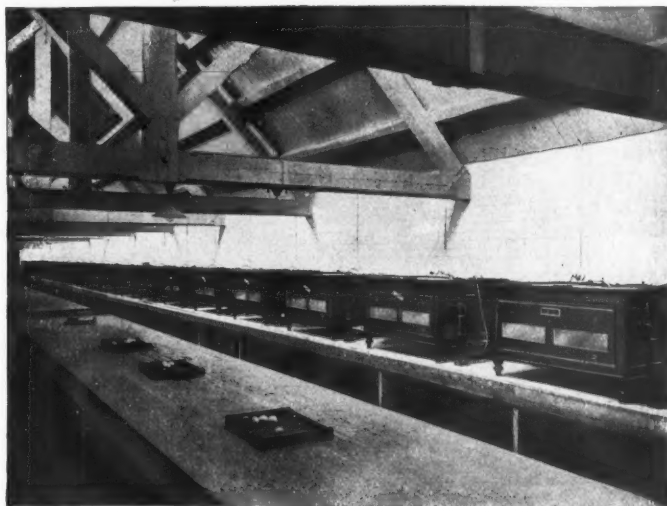
maintained in the egg chamber. To ensure a moist heat, water is provided in a tray placed below the eggs. The flame of the gas burner is automatically regulated by a thermostat, the capsule of which is placed inside the egg chamber. Arrangements are made for a steady current of pure air to pass through the egg chamber. The eggs are aired and turned on a table placed in front of the machines, the legs of which are formed of concrete to ensure steadiness.

In rearing the chickens the very greatest care is paid, not only to feeding them, but to maintaining thoroughly healthy conditions. When the chicks are taken out of the incubators they are removed to the fine brooder house—which, we understand is unique in the automatic control of its heating apparatus. This house consists of forty-eight brooder boxes and a similar number of indoor runs, where the birds scratch for their food. They also have outside grass runs on either side of the house which is set on the points of the compass. The number of birds reared to maturity by these methods was 95 per cent. last year with a 3 per cent. mortality during occupation of the brooder house. About thirty acres are given over to the rearing of the young stock, and they have the double advantage of having the freedom to roam, which is natural to poultry, and of being confined within reasonable limits. There is not much difficulty about keeping the land pure. In the first place, there are fruit trees in it which at once give shade to the young stock and themselves flourish on the manure which it makes. The run is very large and the birds are in it only for a few months, so that there is plenty of time to have the land completely purified by the sun and wind and rain. It undergoes that process for several months of the year. The perfect health of the birds, their activity and cheerfulness attest to the excellence of this method of rearing. At no time could one see any of them huddled up in a corner or crowded into an especially sheltered place. They were full of life and seemed to be drinking in happiness as they ran about in search of things to eat. The same care is exercised in regard

to the laying birds. The owner, the Hon. Gerald Montagu, is a great believer in small flocks. Of course, it is only a truism to say that in a large flock there are many that do not do so well as the others. For one thing, the greedy are served best as they peck away the timid and the weakly. Poultry, like other creatures, scramble and fight a good deal about their food and the weakest naturally go to the wall. All this is reduced to a minimum when little flocks are kept in small enclosures.

Another point which shows how carefully the whole thing has been thought out is that the houses are placed in the middle of the runs. At first sight it would appear an economy to have the food wheeled down the avenues which divide the plots, the feeder could feed to the right and to the left hand as he went on, but in practice it is found more advantageous to have the house in the middle of the grass plots because then the poultryman or poultrywoman is obliged to go from house to house, and has an opportunity of seeing if anything is wrong or needs attention. Moreover, it is easier to give attention that way than if he or she had to return and unlock all the gates. The result proves the efficacy of the method, for the birds are exceptionally healthy, active and well grown. One scarcely finds an exception to that rule.

It may be useful to explain how the stamina of the chickens is maintained. In the first place, the most exact records are kept. Pullets are trap-nested for the first twelve months and only those are kept for the breeding pens that have laid a minimum of two hundred eggs in the first year. As this has been practised for many generations the flock average can now be easily kept over two hundred eggs per bird. The records are obtained in the following manner: A numbered and dated



INSIDE THE INCUBATOR HOUSE.

ring is placed round the leg of each bird. After a pullet has once entered a trap-nest it cannot escape until it has been released, when the number is taken and entered on a slip, which is sent to the recording department. Progress can be seen at a glance, because each bird has its index card. From the records it can be ascertained that it is not uncommon for pullets to produce as many as twenty-three in October, twenty-five in November and twenty-six in December, and if that is not a guarantee of stamina, we would like to know what more can be required.

THE OLDEST LOVERS

The Moon is lovesick for the Earth, and woos her from afar;

Night after night they tell their love, while round them many a star
Smiles, just a little scornfully, so old the lovers are.

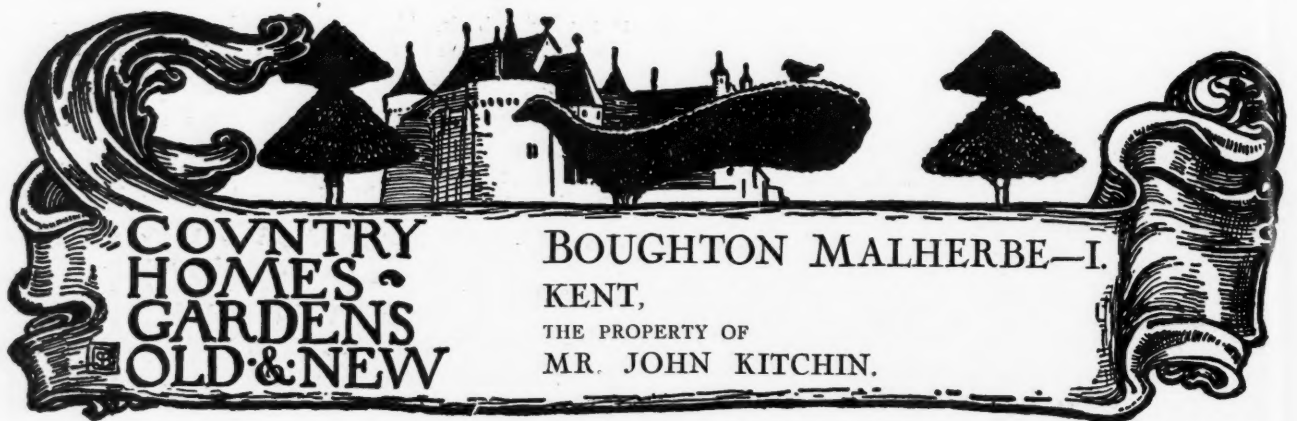
Her love floats up in sweetest scents, his flows in silver light;

Thus may you see them tell their love through many a summer night,
When mortal lovers whisper too, and mortal eyes are bright.

But theirs is more than mortal love, their tale is never told;

They chide men thus as foolish beings, whose passions soon grow cold:
"Your love was born but yesterday, but ours is ages old."

R. S.



IN August, 1752, Horace Walpole and John Chute of The Vyne went sight seeing in Kent, and in the account of their wanderings, which the former wrote to their friend Bentley, we read:

We went to Bocton-Malherbe where are remains of a house of the Wottons and their tombs in the church, but the roads were so exceedingly bad that it was dark before we got thither and still darker before we got to Maidstone.

The first half of the sentence applies to-day, while the latter half fortunately does not, so that it was still broad daylight when the motor turned the corner by the church and revealed

a building which, at first sight, spoke nothing of an ancient house or an ancient family. There, on a high and rather bare section of the ridge that runs east and west south of Maidstone, stood a large and prosperous modern farm. There were some ancient barns and outbuildings certainly, but the house looked as of yesterday. It was necessary to pass along the modern entry, flanked on each side by modern sitting-rooms, in order to come upon the partly smothered stone doorcase of ample proportions and excellent Early Renaissance detail (Fig. 4), which must have been an important entry of the home of the sixteenth century Wottons. The plaster ceiling of a downstairs room,

now cut up into various compartments, and the wainscotings of an upstairs parlour (Fig. 5) were the only considerable items of their time to remain visible within. But without, so soon as the south side is left, we are wholly in Tudor times. The long west side (Fig. 1) has for its north return wall the massive chimney stack and crowstepped gable of brick which Kent used freely throughout the sixteenth century. Except at this northern extremity, the west side is of stone. The one half has the arch-headed windows which Sir Edward Wotton would use under Henry VIII, while the square-headed windows of the other half proclaim his son Thomas' Elizabethan alterations. Thus in describing Boughton Malherbe we are especially concerned with these two members of the distinguished family that held the estate for four centuries.

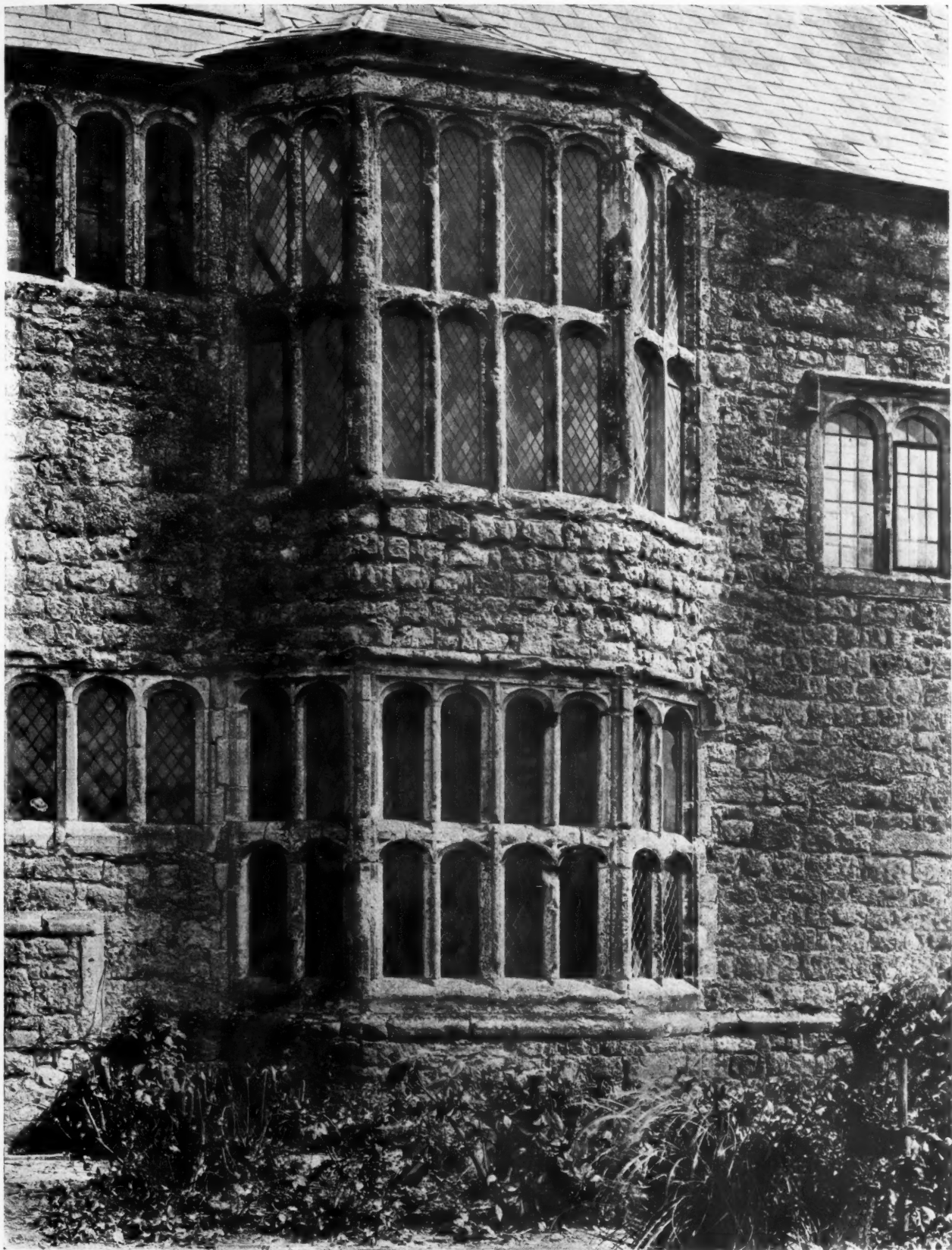
Boughton, or Bocton as Walpole and others wrote it, was held of the Archbishop by Robert de Malherb when John was King. But the family that gave it its name (to distinguish it from Boughton Monchelsea, ten miles to the west) had ceased to be connected with it long before Robert Corbye became possessed of it and obtained licence to fortify his new building there in 1363. Hasted, the historian of Kent, does not enlighten us as to who he was and how he came by it. But probably he obtained it, and certainly it passed from him through the female line. He left "an only daughter and heiress, Joane, who carried this manor in marriage to Nicholas Wotton, esq." He was a London citizen of a family that had a right to bear arms, for if we look at Strype's catalogue of Lord



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1.—FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

2.—SIR EDWARD WOTTON'S BAY WINDOWS

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

3.—FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

"C.L."



Copyright. 4.—A SIXTEENTH CENTURY DOORWAY.

"C.L."

Mayors we shall find, under the year 1430, "Nicholas Wotton, Draper, son of Thomas Wotton of London, gentleman." This was the second time he held the civic chair, the entry for 1415 being "Sir Nicholas Wotton, Draper," and with it a shield having both the Wotton cross and the Corbye saltire. These are not impaled but quartered, as if the Corbye heiress had been his mother and not his wife, which is likely enough if, as Hasted tells us, he was not born till 1372, or nine years after Robert Corbye had licence to embattle the Boughton manor house. However that may be, it is clear that the manor was held from Plantagenet to Hanoverian days by Lord Mayor Wotton and his descendants. That he did not allow his country obligations to overshadow his civic position is shown by Strype, who relates that :

It was reckoned the Privilege of one that had been Mayor and Alderman of London, not to serve the King, without his Will, in any other Part of the Kingdom. Such a matter happened once in Henry VI. his Reign. Nicolas Wotton, sometime Mayor and Alderman of London, living in Kent, stood upon the Privilege and refused to serve, when he was impanelled with others before the Judges of Assize in the said County, to enquire upon Articles touching the King's Peace.

There was some dispute which ended in a compromise, the judges declaring it "a Contempt," but the King issuing a pardon. This occurred some time after his second term of office, and when he had become a Kentishman rather than a Londoner, for Hasted says :

Having retired to Boughton-place, he made great additions to the house, where he died on Sept. 14 1448 *æt.* 76, and was buried in the church here. He left issue Nicholas Wotton his son and heir, who was of Boughton-place, *etq.* ; where he died on April 9 1491 and was buried in this church.

His brass, however (Fig. 10), gives 1499 as the date of his death. He is seen with his wife kneeling in prayer, while behind them and in the same attitude are three sons and seven daughters. The eldest of the former long before this had reached some distinction, if Hasted is right in saying that it was Edward IV who knighted him. That king died in 1483, when Robert was only eighteen years old, and although there are cases of lads being knighted, there are not of anyone of that age being appointed "Lieutenant of Guifnes and Knight-Porter and Comptroller of Calais," as Hasted's text leads us to believe happened to Robert Wotton. Perhaps his knighthood and certainly his Picardy office will date from after the year of his father's death when, certainly, he served as Sheriff of Kent. He was still Knight-Porter of Calais when he died at that place in 1519. He was the first of the Wottons to become a favoured official of the sovereign, and as such will have had relations with a contemporary soldier and man of affairs, Sir Edward Belknap, whose sister and co-heir he married. This family then held but little of the great extent of Kentish lands acquired by Chief Justice Belknap under Richard II. As an eager partisan of that unfortunate monarch he had suffered attain, and although this was reversed in favour of his son, the majority of the Kentish estates were not restored. Thus Sir Edward was of Weston in Warwickshire, but he did inherit a Kentish estate which he passed on to another contemporary official, Sir Robert Rede, chief justice and executor to Henry VII. All these three knights died within a year of each other, and there is the added relationship that whereas Sir Edward Belknap's sister married Sir Robert Wotton, Sir Robert Rede's daughter became wife to Sir Edward Wotton, who succeeded his father at Boughton, and was eventually buried in the church, where his and his wife's brazen effigies survive (Fig. 11). Above their standing figures are shields. Over her head are the Rede pheasant cocks quarterly. Above his, the Crosbye saltire engrailed and the Belknap spread eagles are among the quarterings to which the persistent habit of marrying heiresses entitled the Wottons, a habit which by this time had made them a wealthy family owning many manors, as we can see by the two volumes of Wotton rent rolls dating from the time of Sir Edward's son Thomas, and remaining in the hands of collateral descendants until they came under the hammer of Messrs. Sotheby in 1919.

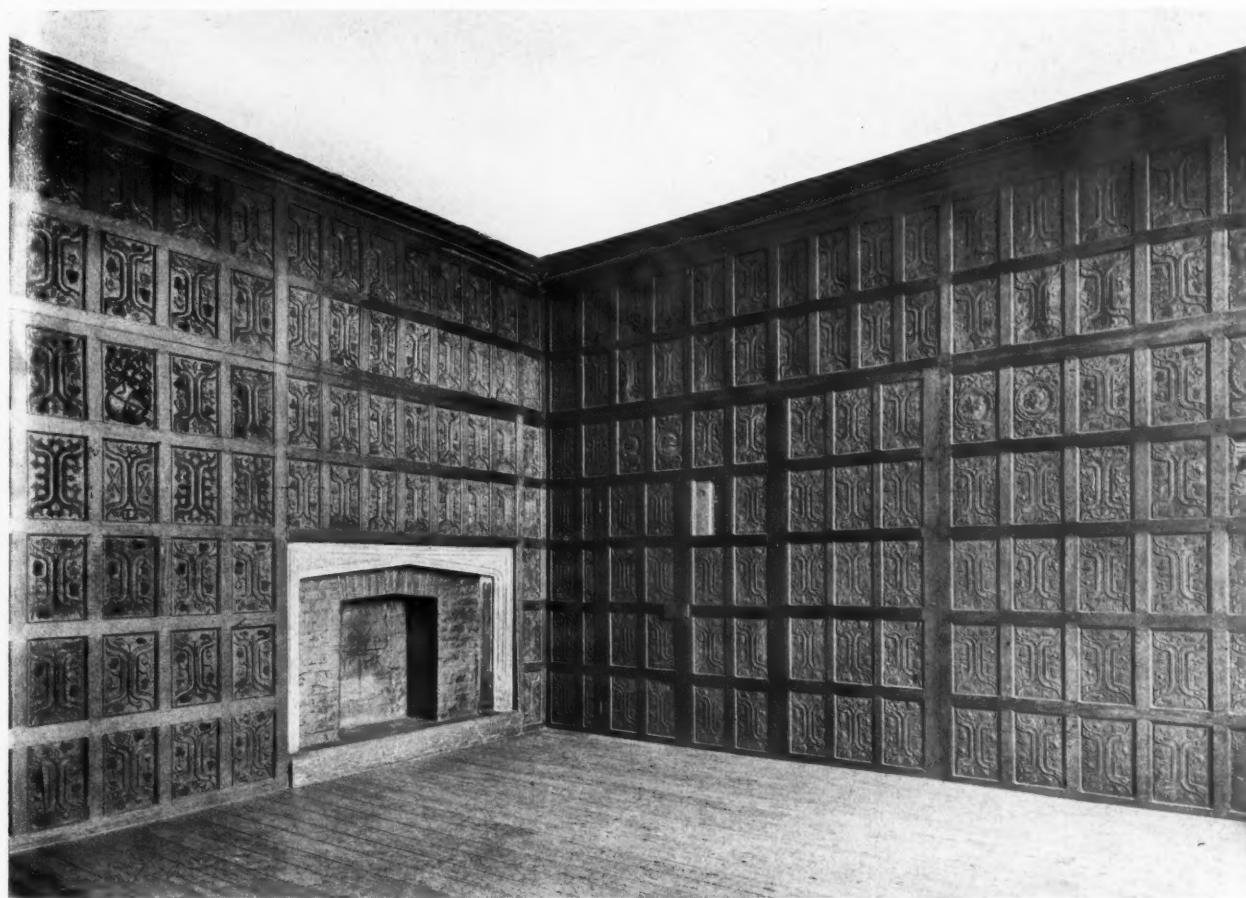
Both Sir Edward's official career and his inherited acres inclined him towards increasing his house in size and finish, and we see his hand in what remains. What the full extent and plan then became we cannot now trace, but it is evident that what are now farm buildings

were portions of the domestic structure which was probably quadrangular. The size and importance assumed by the Wotton house before the end of the sixteenth century is evidenced by Izaak Walton in his *Life of Sir Henry Wotton*—a grandson of Sir Edward—stating that it was “commonly called Bocton or Boughton Place or Palace.”

All remaining windows with depressed arch-headed lights of the kind that prevailed under Henry VIII are of stone and built into stone walls, so that we may assume that Sir Edward wrought in this material obtained from some local quarry. The northern half of the west front is the chief survival of such building, and its salient feature is a two-storeyed oriel (Fig. 2). The upper window is loftier than the one below, but each has a double row of eight lights, and the upper tiers continue along the straight walling to the north, where the first floor is also lit by another transomed but not projecting window. This building has an eastern exterior wall, although against part of it abuts an excrescence of the same material similarly windowed (Fig. 3), which now accommodates a staircase. The fine pilastered and carved freestone doorway already alluded to is in some measure concealed by the modern

with the five lower tiers of panels, which, as the illustration shows, are framed separately from the two upper tiers. It was rare in Henry VIII's time to take wainscotings, especially if enriched, up to ceiling height. Moreover, one of the most elaborate panels (Fig. 8) would not have been set in a dark corner right up against the ceiling where, after much looking, I saw it. And, again, the high window, lying north of the oriel, certainly looks as if it had been designed to accommodate wainscoting under it, but certainly was not intended to be blocked up by such set up against it as was the case from the time when the woodwork was brought together in this room until its removal a few months ago. That the panelling should have continued in its old home would have been desirable. But, set as it was, it lost much of its right character and value, and it is much to be hoped that it will eventually be located in sympathetic environment—that is, in one or more rooms where every care shall be taken to arrange an interior in the full spirit of the times of Sir Edward Wotton.

The panelling is of great interest both in respect of the general characteristic of the whole and of the individual detail of some of its components. The panels are over 350 in



Copyright.

5.—ROOM LIT BY THE UPPER BAY WINDOW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The wainscoting, although probably not in its original position, is all of Sir Edward Wotton's time.

partitions on each side of it. It is not now apparent whether this was a door giving access from outside or from some fine room, perhaps a hall.

The ground floor of the building we are discussing will originally have been occupied by a single large room having in the east wall, besides windows, a fire arch with Wotton quarterings in the spandrels, and to the west the oriel and other windows. It is now divided into a kitchen (which has the fire arch), a pantry (which has the oriel) and a back kitchen occupying the northern part. Upstairs the space was divided into two, the northern part, over the present back kitchen, having the transomed window and being divided from the room with the bay by a partition which still has a doorway with moulding and stops belonging to the beginning of the sixteenth century. This room is now without feature, but in the other one (Fig. 5) was brought together a quantity of panelling of exceptionally fine Henry VIII type and, therefore, attributable to Sir Edward Wotton, even if one of the panels did not offer direct proof of this by exhibiting the initials of himself and his first wife. Whether part of this panelling is in its original site is not certain. Very likely that is the case

number, and the usual size of each is 17½ ins. in height and 10½ ins. in width. With no more exceptions than can be counted on the two hands these panels are of the type which, under Henry VIII, shared general popularity with the linenfold kind, but for which no satisfactory name or indisputable origin has been found. Mr. Gotch describes it as "formed of two curved ribs set back to back," and offers no explanation. Mr. Aylmer Vallance (in an article in the *Burlington Magazine* of March, 1913) speaks of "the ribbon pattern, so called because the double ogee form which constitutes its distinguishing feature suggests a certain resemblance to a ribbon or scroll." There are those who, noticing the resemblance of the ribs to a Gothic I and their very frequent association with the vine, discover a religious symbolism and a reference to the word IESU. It will be noticed that several of the Boughton Malherbe examples have a Gothic cresting (Fig. 7), and not the vine, set about the ribs, which have the characteristics of a leather strap rather than of a ribbon. Leather was a favourite material. The craftsman gave it an agreeable finish even when the purpose and treatment were purely utilitarian. But it had high decorative value. It was stamped, cut, modelled, coloured for book bindings, chair



6.—PANELS WITH WOTTON'S ARMS, INITIALS AND REBUS.



7.—PANELS OF "CURVED RIB" TYPE IN THE GOTHIC SPIRIT.



8.—PANEL IN FULL ITALIAN RENAISSANCE MANNER.



9.—PANEL OF "CURVED RIB" TYPE WITH RENAISSANCE MOTIFS.

coverings, wall hangings and other purposes. Its curls and twists were so much factors in the production of the strapwork ornament, Flemish in origin, which long dominated English designing that, even in references to Charles II cartouches and other enrichment to stone, wood and silver, it is termed "leather work" in contemporary descriptions and inventories. That the natural qualities and wrought aspects of leather were not absent from the minds both of those who first contrived and of those who afterwards produced curved rib panels and their variants is made clear by an examination of the Boughton examples. All take the form of a concave strap bordered by rounded thongs which, where they meet, are twisted together. In one single specimen, that under the coat of arms (Fig. 6), the surface of the concave strap is left entirely smooth, and this, although such a rarity in the Wotton panels, we know from other examples to be the most usual treatment. But at Boughton there are over three hundred panels where, towards the ends of the strap, there are narrow raised bands having a semblance to loops cut in the leather. These occur where either the Gothic cresting or the vine is associated with the curved rib. But in a panel (Fig. 9), where the detail is drawn from Italian Renaissance sources, the concave strap has, at short regular intervals, indents such as occur constantly in all forms of strapwork ornament; moreover on this panel they are repeated on the bands which, like the central strap, end in such curled over acanthus leafage as formed as frequent a *motif* with "cuir bouilli" craftsmen as with their fellow workers in other decorative spheres. In the panels of a door from Mr. J. D. Phillips' collection which Mr. Aylmer Vallance illustrated, the ribs, instead of being straight cut where they end against the side of the panel, have, as he describes, "spirally curled extremities like wood shavings from a carpenter's plane." But such spirals are common also to all forms of leatherwork—that is in leather itself and in all those decorative forms and *motifs* derived from it.

This rather lengthy disquisition is permissible here because nowhere else that I know of in England is there anything like the number or variety of curved rib panels that we find in the Wotton wainscoting. In frequency and in quantity it is nothing like so usual as linenfold panelling. But there are a good many survivals—some, for instance, at Laver Marner, the home of another of Henry VIII's officials. The Victoria and Albert Museum has got together samples of various sizes and design, not necessarily all English, for, as Mr. Vallance reminds us, "it came in at the end of the fifteenth century as a favourite woodwork motif, and spread over nearly the whole of North Western Europe."

Flanders or Westphalia may well be the country of its origin. It is Northern and not Southern in feeling, and its more usual adjuncts, such as the cresting and the vine leaf and fruit *motifs* at Boughton, are of Gothic and not Renaissance character, so that the example we have been noting, associated with human masks, dolphin heads and acanthus leafage, is among the rarer variants. Still more Gothic in treatment is the third panel to the left of the fire arch, on the fifth (and probably originally the top) tier. The form of the shield (notice its leather-like cut and curled right side) and the foliation of the mantling of the helm are very German. The helm is crested with the Wotton Moor's head with dragon wings for ears. The shield has Corbye and Bamborough quarterly. We have seen how Boughton Malherbe came to the Wottons through the Corbye heiress, and Hasted tells us that the second Nicholas Wotton, whose wife was a Bamborough, dropped the Wotton cross, fitched at the base, and assumed the saltire engrailed of Corbye, which retained the first place in the shield of his descendants until the time of Thomas, second Lord Wotton.



10.—BRASS COMMEMORATING NICHOLAS WOTTON AND HIS WIFE IN THE CHURCH.



11.—BRASS COMMEMORATING SIR EDWARD WOTTON AND HIS WIFE IN THE CHURCH.

It is repeated on each side of the ribs in the panel below with little barrels or "tuns" above and beneath, while a larger tun, flanked by W's to make up the Wotton rebus, appears below the ribs. In the space above and joined by a lover's knot are the initials E and D for Edward Wotton and Dorothy Rede, his first wife. Their presence not only satisfies us, generally, that we owe this panelling to Sir Edward Wotton, but gives us the date within a decade. It was in the year 1519 that Sir Edward succeeded his father at Boughton, and as the brass in the church tells us (Fig. 11), "y^e feid dame dorothe deed

y^e VIII day of September i y^e yere of O^r Lord MCCCCXXIX." Five years later than that is the date which twice appears on panels at Great Fulford in Devonshire, where there is wainscoting of the linen type, but also panels by a skilful hand and of the full Italian flavour. Such we have already illustrated at Boughton (Fig. 8), while the view of the room shows others with profile heads in a medallion characteristic of our craftsmen in wood after they began to follow Italian models. Of such more will be said next week, when the later history of Boughton Malherbe will be related.
H. AVRAY TIPPING.

DICKENS LETTERS IN THE BURDETT COUTTS LIBRARY

BY SIR EDWARD SULLIVAN, BART.

THOSE familiar with the published letters of Charles Dickens have, no doubt, often wondered how he had the energy or could find the time to write these letters, plunged as he was through the whole period of his correspondence in the crowded immensity of his more serious literary work. But here in the library of the late Baroness Burdett Coutts there now turns up a new series of most interesting letters, upwards of six hundred in number, written to that lady by the novelist between 1839 and 1866, none of which, apparently, has seen the light of publication up till now. That his friendship with Miss Coutts was of a close and sympathetic nature pretty well through the whole of his literary career was well known to many, and references to it appear in his correspondence as edited by Miss Dickens and Georgina Hogarth. For instance, in October, 1855, Dickens writes to W. H. Wills, the sub-editor of *Household Words* and afterwards of *All the Year Round*: "You mention a letter . . . from Miss Coutts . . . which you say is enclosed. . . . It is not enclosed, & I am mad to know where she writes from that I may write to her. Pray set this right, for her uneasiness will be greatly intensified if she have no letter from me." It is extremely curious that in the face of such a description of his friendship with her there is no letter of Dickens to Miss Coutts included in the above-mentioned edition of his correspondence. The lady editors of the published correspondence in their Preface call their work "another book from Charles Dickens' own hands—as it were a portrait of himself by himself": many details omitted in that portrait are now forthcoming, and the resulting picture is infinitely fuller than before. So continuous, indeed, and so well connected are these letters to Miss Coutts that, if all Dickens' other letters had disappeared, we should be able out of these alone to reconstruct the author's life and doings in a very satisfactory way, for at least that period of it which is covered by this most interesting and characteristic correspondence. The whole of this collection of letters, admirably catalogued by Messrs. Sotheby, is to be sold on May 17th next, in one lot if the reserved price be realised, failing which the lots will be offered separately.

The earliest examples, 1839 to 1840, all in the third person, are answers to invitations from Miss Coutts. She would seem to have taken the initiative. By January 22nd, 1841, the young author begins with "Dear Miss Coutts," and thence onward their friendship ripens quickly, he showing his gratitude by sending her an advance copy of the next week's number of "the Clock," though beseeching her "to withhold this mighty revelation from all the World." In the following April he writes: "I have given my binder instructions to put up an Old Curiosity Shop in one volume. . . . I have told him to weed out all the foreign matter that was mixed up with its earlier pages, in the Clock. . . . But it will be altogether, & free from interruptions, & will serve you, until it comes to be printed in a more convenient form some years hence." This presentation copy of "Master Humphrey's Clock," complete in the original eighty-eight numbers, in three morocco covers, constitutes Lot 130 in the Library Sale Catalogue. The art of photography had about this time began to be popularly run after, and it is interesting to find Dickens warning his lady friend against being misled by the fashionable craze. "If anybody should entreat you to go to the Polytechnic Institution to have a photographic likeness done—don't be prevailed upon, on any terms. The Sun is a great fellow in his way but portrait painting is not his line. I speak from experience, having suffered dreadfully." (May 23rd, 1841.) Quite a charming letter is that which he writes on August 16th in the same year. He begs Miss Coutts not to think him "careless of your kind invitations, regardless of your notes; insensible to your friendship. . . . I raise my still small voice . . . and humbly desire to live in your recollection as an innocent—and not erring Individual, until next October." The next important letter of the series announces that he is about to leave for America. "You will allow me," he continues, "to call upon you to say good bye, and to take your orders for any article of a portable nature

in my new line of business—such as a phial of Niagara Water, a neat tomahawk, or a few scales of the celebrated Sea Serpent. . . ." His description of his reception at the other side of the Atlantic and his doings there is set out entertainingly in a letter of March 22nd, 1842. "The truth is that they give me everything here, but Time. That they will never leave me alone. That I shake hands every day when I am not travelling, with five or six hundred people. . . . That Mrs. Dickens and I hold a formal Levee in every town we come to, and usually faint away (from fatigue) every day while dressing for dinner. . . ."

Having returned safely from America about the beginning of July, we find him engaged on "Martin Chuzzlewit" in the following November. His irritable state when so occupied is amusingly described in a letter to Miss Coutts on the 12th: "Your most kind note found me in the agonies of plotting and contriving a new book . . . the boldest fly at my approach at such times, even the Postman knocks at the door with a mild feebleness, and my publishers always come two together, lest I should fall upon a single invader and do murder on his intrusive body." Dickens afterwards dedicated "Martin Chuzzlewit" to Miss Burdett Coutts. In July, 1843, he writes a pathetic letter on the death by drowning of Edward Elton, the actor, a widower at the time with seven children. Other letters that follow show that Dickens was the chief organiser of a benefit performance at the Haymarket Theatre for the unhappy orphans, and in August he is able to write saying that he had succeeded in raising £2,000 on their behalf. At the end of this year he gives another example of his love for young people: "I have made a tremendous hit with a conjuring apparatus . . . and was more popular last evening after cooking a plum pudding in a hat, & producing a pocket handkerchief from a Wine Bottle, than ever I have been in my life. I shall hope to raise myself in your esteem by these means. . . . You will be glad to hear that my Carol is a prodigious success." (December 27th, 1843.)

In 1844 and 1845 Dickens spent some time in Italy, engaged upon "The Chimes," among other occupations. His descriptions of the country are thoroughly delightful. Back in England again, we find him a stage manager of a company of amateurs at Miss Kelly's little theatre in Dean Street, where "Every Man in his Humour" was played, with Dickens himself in the part of Bobadil. "There will be one man very much out of humour, if you are out of town," he writes to Miss Coutts, referring to the performance (August 21st, 1845). In the following month Miss Coutts made an offer to him of assistance in the education of his son Charles, and he writes to her on the 10th in reply: "I can only thank you from my inmost heart; & say that I am proud to place my trust in your considerate friendship—I could do nothing better for him than to accept—I could do nothing half so good for him as to accept—your generous offer. . . ." In April of the next year he writes promising to bring his son to visit her at Brighton: "I shall bring him per railway. In the meantime I shall feel it necessary to get up some information about locomotive engines, or I shall be brought to a stand-still . . . before we get to Croydon, through not being able to answer questions."

His address in June, 1846, is Rosemont, Lausanne, Switzerland, where he is engaged on "Dombey and Son" and "The Battle of Life"; and although he writes that he is delighted with the situation of the house, he adds: "I have a study somewhat larger than a plate warmer." Four months later he writes: "I hear that Dombey has been launched with great success, and was out of print on the first night."

In spite of his never-ending literary labours, Dickens at all times could find time to help some friend less fortunate than himself. He writes in May, 1848: "I have set my heart on seeing Sheridan Knowles installed at Stratford-on-Avon, as the Curator of Shakespeare's House and am going (to Birmingham) in advance of my troupe, to interest the sympathies of his friends." He goes on to speak of an offer to be returned, free of expense, for one of the largest metropolitan boroughs, "and I believe I could be brought in, very triumphantly. But

consideration of the greater peace and happiness of my own pursuits—to say nothing of the butcher and baker—hold me back. . . . To which I add the reflection, if I *did* come out in that way, what a frightful radical you would think me!" His radicalism, however, can hardly have been as thorough-going as he fancied, for the paper on which he writes this and many other letters is gilt-edged!

Many interesting topics are touched on in the succeeding letters, such as the death of his sister; "The Haunted Man"; the Shakespeare Committee; the Home at Shepherd's Bush (for Women); "David Copperfield"; his appeal to Miss Coutts for financial aid for Henry Goldsmith, "to whom Oliver dedicated 'The Traveller,'" and who is supposed to have been the original of some parts of Mr. Primrose's character in "The Vicar of Wakefield"; the starting of *Household Words*; the Ragged Schools—in the amelioration of which he spent so much of his time; his "final wrestle with Copperfield," and his finishing the book (October 23rd, 1850); and then we come to a very touching letter which he writes on April 17th, 1851, in reference to the death of his infant daughter: "Our poor little Lora! I had just been playing with her and went to preside at a Public Dinner to which I was pledged. Before it was over—even before they sang the grace—she was dead. I had left her well and gay. . . . We laid the child in her grave to-day, and it is a part of the goodness and mercy of God that if we could call her back to life now, with a wish, we would not do it."

The troubles connected with moving into a new home came on him in October of the same year: "I am three-parts distracted by the fourth part wretched in the agonies of getting into . . . Tavistock House, Tavistock Square. . . . I *can not* work

at my new book—having all my notions of order turned completely topsy-turvy." There is more than one reference in this series of Dickens' letters to his occasionally finding a difficulty in reading his lady correspondent's handwriting. He usually blames his own dulness when unable to decipher a word, but on one or two occasions he takes a bolder course, as for instance: "The most bewildering doubts beset me concerning 'Trip'—or 'Flip'—I can't make out which it is. I hardly think you would propose Flip to me (which is a strong drink) at Noon; & unless the word is 'Trip,' & means Mrs. Brown, I am on a wide ocean of conjecture. . . . A sudden burst of hope . . . it might be 'Tripe'—but there is no E. *It must be Mrs. Brown.*" (June 1st, 1852).

One of the important changes in Dickens' life was brought about by his purchase of Gad's Hill Place near Rochester. He writes (February 9th, 1856) of the "noble prospect at the side & behind. . . . To crown all the Sign of the Sir John Falstaff is over the way, I used to look at it as a wonderful mansion . . . when I was a very odd little child with first faint shadows of all my books in my head—I suppose." He constantly refers to the place, and always in terms of praise and much content. In April, 1858, he refers to his first public reading for his own benefit, and in October, towards the close of his tour of readings, mentions that his clear profits were "more than a thousand guineas a month." It is well known how in the end he overdid this lucrative work until at last it was the cause of his death in 1870. The concluding letter of the series is dated February 5th, 1866. Messrs. Sotheby's Catalogue, with its admirably selected extracts from the letters, should be treasured by all lovers of Dickens and his works.

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON'S REMINISCENCES*

IN this book Lord George Hamilton deals with the years 1886 to 1906. The second volume is not lacking in the interest aroused by its predecessor. During the period under review Lord George Hamilton was First Lord of the Admiralty in 1885-1886 and from 1886-1892. In the years 1895-1903 he was Secretary of State for India. It is, therefore, no exaggeration for him to say that he was in the inner ring of politics during the whole of this period, and he is able, in many cases, to give the real as opposed to the popular account of events. There is not much to criticise either in the manner or the matter. Lord George Hamilton was, if anything, too much of a politician to give a complete survey of the intellectual activities of the late eighties and nineties of last century. Very great changes of importance to politics were taking place in response to movements outside the political world and yet bound in the end to influence it. On this wider philosophical side of the subject the author has very little to say. Also, it should be noted that he dates the book London, November, 1921, and there are many passages which lead one to believe that he has revised many passing opinions in the light of the Great War and its consequences. If he kept a diary it would be interesting to compare the entries with the revised opinions. At least we judge so by the story, for example, of his quarrel with Chamberlain, about 1885, when he made the famous attack on the business methods of Chamberlain, making the retort that "monopolist screw-manufacturers" are as objectionable as "monopolist land-lords." They made up the difference in 1886 after the Home Rule *débâcle*. In the Home Rule debates, by the by, Lord Russell of Killowen said the most difficult man to follow on the Unionist side was Hicks Beach:

. . . although he lacked the eloquence and pungency of some of his colleagues, there was a virile commonsense and moderation prevailing over the spirit and substance of his arguments which gave the dialectician little or nothing to catch hold of.

The following is an amusing story about Gladstone and Bright after their disagreement about Home Rule:

One day, during a sitting, Gladstone noticed an unfinished portrait of Bright in the corner of the studio, and he said to Millais: "I see that you are painting my old friend Bright." "Yes," said Millais. "Does he talk to you?" asked Gladstone. "Oh yes." "Is he all right here?" said Gladstone, tapping his forehead. "Oh, I think so," said Millais.

A few days afterwards Bright was a sitter. Looking round the room he saw the unfinished portrait of Gladstone, and he said, "Oh, Sir John, my old friend Gladstone is sitting to you?" "Yes," said Millais. "I suppose he talks a great deal to you?" "Oh yes," said Millais. "Do you know that he is not right here?" replied Bright, tapping his forehead.

With Lord Randolph Churchill Lord George did not get on very well, but his summary of his characteristics is much more kindly than might be expected. Churchill was very nearly the cleverest of his contemporaries, and his phrase applied to Gladstone went very straight home, "An old man in a hurry."

He gives a first-hand account of Lord Randolph's resignation. On the night that Churchill went to Windsor to hand in his resignation Lord George Hamilton was dining there, and the two went down in the same carriage. "I am going to resign" was his chorus all the way. At Windsor they sat in the same room while Churchill was writing to Salisbury. He was open to no persuasion. Our author says:

I could make no impression whatever, but as our discussion proceeded I became conscious that there was some motive which I could not gauge, other than political considerations, and which had induced him to take this very hasty step.

They returned to London by the same train next morning. The newspaper agent on the station handed Lord Randolph a huge pile of papers:

"I have no change," said Churchill; "have you any?" I said, "No, I have not." "Oh," said the Press agent, "it does not matter; you will pay next time you come back, my lord," and as the train went out Churchill, soliloquising, said partly to himself and partly to me: "He little thinks that I shall never come back again."

The story that Churchill had forgotten Goschen is not confirmed. His resignation is attributed to the excessive strain imposed on a somewhat fragile physique which had "unbalanced his nervous system."

Another celebrity is William Hohenzollern, as the ex-Kaiser is now designated. Perhaps the most interesting things said about him were spoken by the Marquess of Salisbury. After his second visit Lord Salisbury told Lord George Hamilton that he looked upon the Kaiser as "the most dangerous enemy we had in Europe." He also added that "he had never met a man with such a double tongue." In England he showed a certain brusque joviality to the general public, but ordered his staff about with an utter lack of consideration.

There is naturally a great deal about Gladstone, much of it clever and penetrating. The story of his resignation is reprinted from Morley's Diary, but our author is not satisfied that the account is correct:

If Morley approved of Gladstone's opposition to the Navy Estimates, why was he the member of the Cabinet authorised to tell him that he must retire? And why, if he retired, did not Morley retire too? No public man in my day more sedulously courted public opinion or kept his eye more closely upon it than did Gladstone.

The real reason is hinted at, though not very clearly, in the following passage:

Looking at the episode as a whole, I think one may excuse the efforts made by Gladstone's colleagues to conceal from the public the true facts connected with his resignation. It was a piece of political camouflage carried out to secure an honourable exit from public life of a great chief who had so often led them to victory.

Gladstone, at any rate, made his exit with dignity. As much cannot be said of his great German contemporary:

Bismarck's retirement into private life was associated with an incident more grotesque than tragic. An intimate and distinguished

associate of both the Kaiser and Bismarck gave me their versions of the final scene. "In the room where we met there was a table between us," said the Kaiser, "and on it was a solid and heavy inkstand. So beside himself with fury was the Prince that I had to keep my eye on that inkstand for fear it should be thrown at the head of his Sovereign." Bismarck's account was that the Kaiser "worked himself up into such a state of uncontrollable rage that I had carefully to watch the inkstand on the table between us. If the interview had lasted much longer I should have been bespattered with its contents."

* *Parliamentary Reminiscences and Reflections, 1886-1906*, by the Right Hon. Lord George Hamilton. (Murray.)

PRIME MINISTERS OF ENGLAND.*

IF we begin with Sir Robert Walpole we find there have been thirty-six Prime Ministers of England up to the present. They have led fifty-two Administrations, one Premier being four times, two three times and nine twice at the head of affairs. This establishes the fact that a Prime Minister's average tenure of office is five and a half years, and that the average length of an Administration is four years. Of the thirty-six British Prime Ministers, five have been Scotsmen, three Irishmen, one Welsh and one of foreign extraction.

Among the light but not un instructive generalisations of Mr. Bigham is the statement that most of them have been strong and healthy men, their average length of life being seventy years, though, as Lady Montfort said in Disraeli's "Endymion," "All Prime Ministers have the gout." Of Walpole's Administration it is recorded that in his third year there was only one division in the House of Commons. Spencer Compton, afterwards Earl of Wilmington, as painted by Kneller looks like a gay cavalier, but he was very modest, since he said of submitting himself for the King's approval that "he had neither memory to retain, judgment to collect, nor skill to guide their debates," whereas Henry Pelham has the air and appearance of a great judge. The Tory squires who had not relished his taxes said of him at his death:

Lie heavy on him, land, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

The most distinguished Prime Ministers in the annals of England are Chatham and Pitt. Frederick the Great wrote of the first William Pitt: "England has been a long time in labour, but she has at last brought forth a man." He died of a fit brought on by the agitation of opposing a motion made in the House of Commons to petition the Crown to withdraw its fleets and armies from the revolted provinces of North America. Shelburne says that he had "the eye of a hawk, a little head and a long aquiline nose." His second son, William Pitt the younger, had, like his father, very poor health as a child. One of the features of his greatness was his carelessness in regard to his own financial affairs and the ability for frugality with which he managed the finances of the State. He abolished eighty-five sinecures, among other economies.

The Grenvilles are an old and rich family of Buckinghamshire squires. In the eighteenth century they married with the Temples, and "Temple quam dilecta"—"How dear are the Temples"—was a well chosen motto for the combined families, a motto that they live up to still.

Of Lord North Mr. Bigham says:

He was much inclined to somnolence, or to the appearance of somnolence, on the Treasury bench. On one occasion an opponent who was belabouring him with invective was so enraged at this that he exclaimed: "Even now, in the midst of these perils, the noble Lord is asleep." Without opening his eyes North said wearily, "I wish to God I was!"

In a sense modern Prime Ministers may be said to begin with Earl Grey, first of Falldon and then of Howick. There is not much need to recall the part he played with regard to the Great Reform Bill. Viscount Melbourne has come a good deal before the public recently in connection with Queen Victoria. Palmerston's career would deserve a longer study than it receives here, though we can quite understand that it would take thirty-three volumes instead of one to cover all that might have been covered. Disraeli and Salisbury, Gladstone and Campbell-Bannerman bring us very near to our own times, and, indeed, the next Prime Ministers we have to mention are living yet—the Earl of Rosebery, Arthur James Balfour, Herbert Henry Asquith and David Lloyd George.

Mr. Clive Bigham, as he comes nearer our more contentious days, grows discreet and carefully avoids characterisations. The book, however, is valuable because it approaches the history of England from a new angle.

* *The Prime Ministers of Britain, 1721-1921*, by the Hon. Clive Bigham. (Murray, 21s.)

MR. J. C. SQUIRE'S NEW POEMS.*

MR. SQUIRE has not in any way classified the poems in this volume, but prints them as they appeared between the years 1918 and 1921. He opens with "The Birds," addressed to Edmund Gosse, and ends with "The Rugger Match" (Oxford and Cambridge—Queen's—

December)," to Hugh Brooks. "The Birds" is very nearly, if not quite, the best poem in the collection. It has imagination, fancy, harmony and love of nature. Ornithologists alone are likely to pick faults in their matter-of-fact way. Students of nature would not dogmatise as the poet does when he says or sings:

" . . . Our birds still crossed the air;
Beyond our myriad changing generations
Still built, unchanged, their known inhabitations.
A million years before Atlantis was
Our lark sprang from some hollow in the grass,
Some old soft hoof-print in a tussock's shade."

Who can tell what climatic changes have occurred in a million years and how the flora and fauna have changed with them? But whatever Science says, the judicious reader will recognise that only a bold and fine imagination could have drawn the conclusion:

"O delicate chain over all the ages stretched,
O dumb tradition from what far darkness fetched:
Each little architect with its own design
Perpetual, fixed and right in stuff and line,
Each little ministrant who knows one thing,
One learned rite to celebrate the spring.
Whatever alters else on sea or shore,
These are unchanging: man must still explore."

The closing piece is an example of clever versification without the poetic imagination which glorifies "The Birds." It remains a realistic description, in spite of the attempt at idealisation at the finish. A number of the poems are either actually about men who took part in the War or refer to them indirectly. Like so much that was written close to the greatest tragedy mankind has witnessed, these poems express only the passing sensations of the hour. Nobody, as far as we know, has made a guess at anything which could be taken for a full significance of the war and its effect on the destiny of man. When the great poet for whom we are all looking arises, he will have ready-made a theme greater than that which inspired Dante or Milton. Mr. Squire's workmanship is at its best in his "Epitaph in Old Mode." What old mode it was we do not know, but the poet's tenderness and melody we do know:

"The leaves fall gently on the grass,
And all the willow trees, and poplar trees, and elder trees
That bend above her where she sleeps,
O all the willow trees, the willow trees
Breathe sighs upon her tomb.

O pause and pity, as you pass,
She loved so tenderly, so quietly, so hopelessly;
And sometimes comes one here and weeps:
She loved so tenderly, so tenderly,
And never told them whom."

* *Poems*, by J. C. Squire. Second Series, (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)

Trapping Wild Animals in Malay Jungles, by Charles Mayer. (Fisher Unwin, 8s. 6d.)

THE man who shoots big-game is to be counted by his hundreds, the man who photographs it by his tens; but the man whose interest is to trap it, whose object it is to carry away from the jungle whole and sound and, if possible, contented, the object of his chase, is a rarer type, and even more rarely does he write his adventures. Mr. Mayer's account of his life in the Malay States as a trapper of wild animals is a record of extraordinary escapes and expeditions, thrilling successes and ghastly disappointments, told in a simple, unaffected manner which makes it excellent reading. His first catch, after he left the life of the circuses, where he learned to love and understand wild animals, was a python thirty feet long, and its capture is one of the most exciting incidents in a book where there are many, though that of the two orang-outangs runs it close. His last adventure, with the wounded seladang, when his faithful comrade Ali paid for his devotion with his life, is the best of all from the reader's point of view, though obviously it represents from the author's an unforgettable tragedy. The seladang is, in Mr. Mayer's opinion, the largest and fiercest of wild cattle, "the most dangerous animal on earth": except for one baby seladang, which died before it reached a menagerie, none has ever been captured alive. The straits to which the trapper and his men were reduced when the seladang had chased them up trees and kept them there all night may be gathered from this extract:

"The ten natives were scattered through the trees near me and we talked back and forth. They, of course, depended upon me and my 'magic' to save them, and I, with the fever burning more fiercely every minute, realised that something must be done immediately. . . . I called to the men to join me in my tree, and they swung from limb to limb until we were together. The seladang took up his position beneath us, bellowing and pawing.

"I counted the arms in the party; we had, besides our parangs, four spears and three kris. With the parangs we cut stout branches; then we tore our sarongs into strips and bound the kris to the poles. As was usual in the Archipelago, especially in the inland districts, the spears and kris were poisoned, and our only hope of victory lay in that fact. I knew that the poison would kill a man in a few minutes and I had seen smaller animals die of it, but I did not know what effect it would have on so large and powerful a brute as a seladang."

This is a book which will appeal to the lover of animals, the lover of adventure and the lover of human nature in its less usual settings.

BOOKS WORTH READING

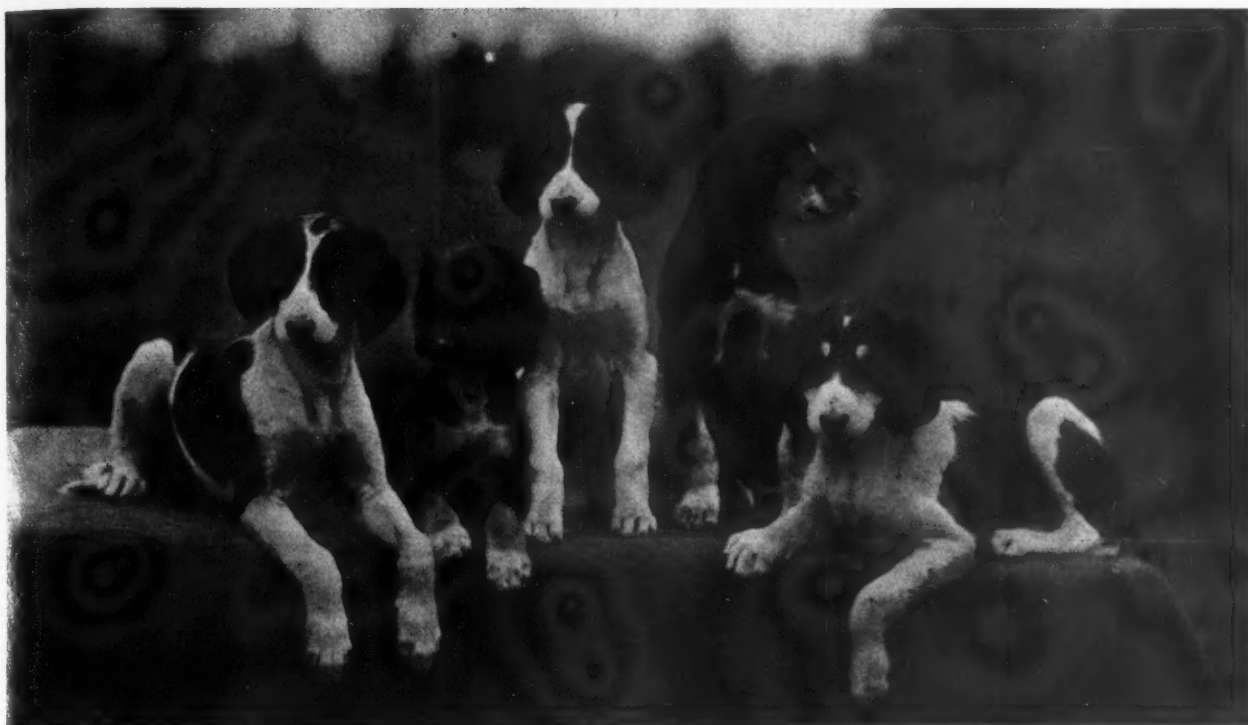
Poland Reform, by Roy Devereux. (Chapman and Hall, 15s.)
Terriers, by Darley Matheson. (John Lane, 7s. 6d.)
The Foundations of Japan, by J. W. Robertson Scott. (J. Murray, 24s.)
The Cuckoo's Secret, by Edgar Chance. (Sidgwick and Jackson, 7s. 6d.)
The Expansion of Europe, by Ramsay Muir. (Constable, 12s.)
Under Ten Viceroys, by Major-Gen. Nigel Woodyatt. (H. Jenkins, 16s.)

FICTION.

The Red House Mystery, by A. A. Milne. (Methuen, 6s.)
Flappers and Philosophers, by F. Scott Fitzgerald. (Collins, 7s. 6d.)

WITH HAWK AND HOUND

By A. CROXTON SMITH.



GROUP OF PUPPIES BY SARONA-KELB.

ONE of the attractions of Cruft's Show in February was the Arabian greyhound, Saron-Kelb, exhibited by Mrs. Lance of Wentfield, Fairseat, Wrotham. He interested me particularly because he differed in some respects from the dogs formerly shown by the Hon. Florence Amherst and the Afghan hounds that have appeared from time to time. He was bigger than Miss Amherst's

and black and tan in colour instead of a sort of golden fawn. Lieutenant-Colonel Lance, who adopts for the breed the name of Selughi, has been good enough to send me a description of the different varieties, which explains any differences that may be apparent. That most of the Eastern races, probably all varieties, of greyhounds sprang from this breed seems to be clearly established. It is so ancient that one hesitates to suggest



T. Fall.

AN ARMFUL OF PUPPIES.

Copyright.



SARONA-SARONA.

The bitches of this breed are smaller and lighter built than the dogs.

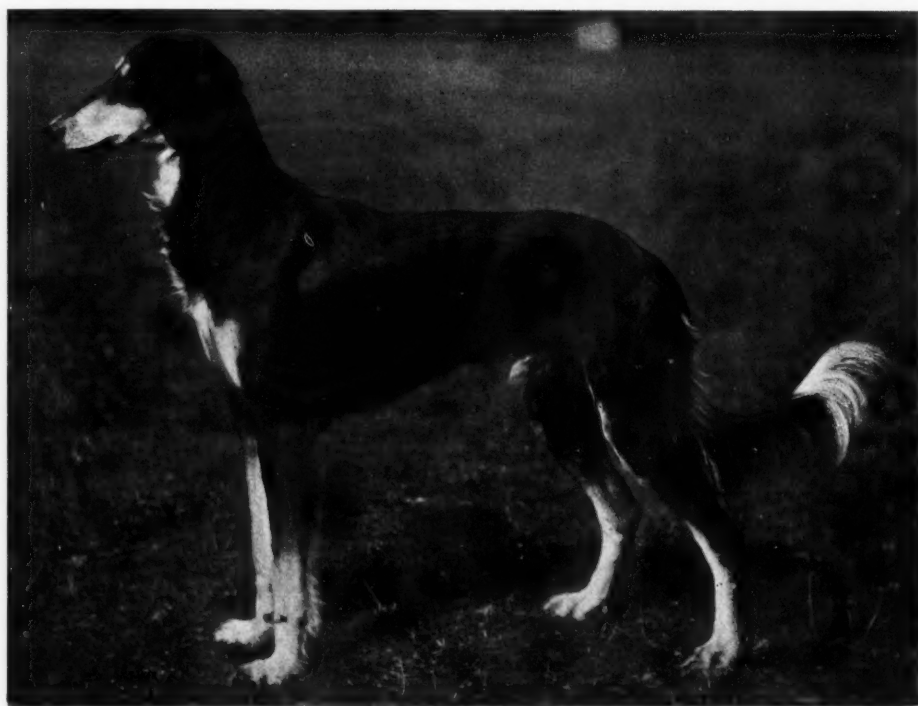
when it first became of general distribution. The Afghan dog is sturdier in build, more morose of disposition, and plentifully covered with long hair on his flanks and front legs, and he is almost invariably red or fawn in colour. Living on the mountain-side, says Colonel Lance, he lacks the pace of the Selughi, and he takes his character from his masters. He is used principally for driving mountain game—the ibex, markhor or oorial—in the rugged, precipitous country in which they live, especially in the heavy snow, when the hunter waits in some well chosen spot and shoots as the game is driven to him.

The Arabian and Mesopotamian type is of lighter build and greater speed, the colour being usually fawn or white, with none of the long woolly hair on the flanks and sides, but only on the ears, with slight feather on the legs and long fine feather on the tail. Some run quite smooth, with no feathering on ear or tail, but all have the long drooping ears. This is the variety, I imagine, from which Miss Amherst's came. Their correct name, she said, was Saluki Shami, Shami meaning Syrian. The derivation of Saluki is uncertain, some Arab *savants* attributing it to certain towns in Syria called Salukia, in the Salucidæ kingdom of the ancient Greek conquerors. Others think it comes from Saluk, a long vanished town in Southern Arabia.

Colonel Lance's dogs are from farther north. In Asia Minor and the Black Sea region the stamp becomes slightly stronger in build, though losing nothing in speed. These dogs will tackle the large wolf-jackals of the country and will kill gazelle on their own arid plains. The colour, too, is bolder, being often black and tan, grizzle and tan, white or red, though fawns and whites are also seen. One of the finest-muscled dogs upon which my informant ever set eyes was a black and tan in Aleppo, whose owner would not part with him at any price. The Arab prizes his horse, his hound and his hawk, and, like a true sportsman, he is not readily disposed to part with either. Miss Amherst went to a lot of trouble in obtaining hers, and I suppose our soldiers serving in the East, who brought home a few with them, had to use a good

deal of persuasion before a transaction was concluded. Hawk and hound are frequently worked together by their nomadic masters for the purpose of taking gazelle, preference being given to the Saker falcon, which, flying at the head of the quarry, buffets and bewilders him to such an extent that he becomes an easy prey to the dogs. In some parts, where the view is not easy in a rough country, I understand that the hounds follow the chase by the flight of the falcon. Lady Anne Blount mentioned that, when coursing the hare, the bushes were often so thick that hounds could only work by watching the falcon. In one district they are trained to creep up to partridges and take them as they rise.

For three years these hounds were the constant companions of Colonel Lance in camp and billets in Syria and Palestine, where they showed him much excellent sport in killing gazelle, hares, foxes and jackals. In England they acclimatised at once, needing no clothing or care beyond that shown to the ordinary dog. They are good tempered, affectionate, and naturally clean house-dogs to an extraordinary extent. We are aware already that they breed freely in this climate, coming remarkably true to type, which is only to be expected in view of their antiquity. The study of such a breed is a fascinating subject, because, as I have said, it is probably the parent stock whence have sprung all the other varieties of the great greyhound family. Most of the authorities agree, I think, in ascribing the introduction of greyhounds into England to the Celts, who, of Asiatic origin, gradually spread westwards through Europe. That the Selughi, or very similar dogs, are as old as the Egyptians is incontrovertible. The Crusaders were familiar with them, and it is said that some passed into the possession of Richard Cœur de Lion. The description left by an Eastern traveller in 1794 might very well apply to the dogs illustrated to-day. "The greyhounds are of a very light and slender make, with larger ears than our English greyhound. Their ears and tails are covered with long, soft hair, which adds somewhat to the beauty of the animal." The picturesque language of the East



T. Fall.

SARONA-KELB.

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Studies of bitch and dog heads, showing width and flatness of skull.

abounds in similes which denote the speed of the creature. "As swift as light or a greyhound" is to be found in Egyptian writings. The Arab name, "Luman" or "La'aman," means a flash of light. In one of his poems, Lebeid the Moallakat of the time of Mahomet (570 A.D.) says: "When the archers despair of reaching her with their shafts they let slip their long-eared hounds, answering to their names, with bodies long and thin."

The fact that allusion is seldom made to dogs in the Bible, and then only in terms of opprobrium, has often been the subject

of comment. Is it not probable that the explanation is simple? The rulers of the Israelites, after their escape from Egyptian bondage, strove to effect a complete break from the idolatrous practices of their former masters. The ancient Egyptians venerated their dogs; one of their deities, Anubis, had the body of a man and the head of a dog; they gave to Sirius the name of "Dog Star," indicative of fidelity and watchfulness, because the appearance of this great body above the horizon portended the flooding of the Nile, which meant so much to the fertility of the land.

THE GOLFING IDEALS OF AMERICA

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

ALL British golfers must have been interested and not a few surprised by the recent announcement that the United States Golf Association had returned to the paths of strictest orthodoxy in the matter of the stymie. They experimented with a rule which allowed the player to remove his opponent's ball on the green, the opponent being thereby deemed to have holed out in his next stroke. Now they have decided that this rule did not improve the game and have abolished it accordingly.

I said—and, I think, rightly—that not a few people here would be surprised. I fancy, however, that there will be no surprise among those who have met the ruling spirits of the U.S.G.A. Those of us who have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Byers, Mr. Howard Whitney, Mr. Walker and others who are prominent in American golfing councils know that there are no golfers in the world more devoted to the best traditions of the game; certainly none that have higher, perhaps none that have such high ideals in regard to it. A great many British golfers think vaguely of American golfers as interested in nothing but the counting of their scores, and having invented a sort of golf of their own consisting of "eagles and birdies" and other incomprehensible modern excrescences on the game. In all countries, I suppose, there will always be some persons who play a game which is new to them in a way to horrify those brought up in older traditions. For that matter there are in this country plenty of so-called golfers with the most singular notions as to how golf should be played. But it is a great pity that people here should make rash generalisations about the leading golfers of America when they know very, very little about them.

I have just been reading an address delivered this year by Mr. Howard Whitney, at the time President of the U.S.G.A., to the representatives of the Sectional and District Golf Associations, and it is so admirable in itself and comes so pat to my purpose that I should like to quote it whole. I must be content to quote only a little of it, but enough, I hope, to show something of the real ideals of the best American golfers.

Here, to begin with, is a passage that could not be improved upon and might be taken to heart by many British golfers: "There is a growing tendency in this country among players to make the game easier and waive penalties. It is the duty of the governing bodies in golf to educate the players to realise the importance of maintaining the traditions and fundamentals of the game and not to allow misguided opinion to sway their judgment. The game of golf has two basic principles:—First: In the play from tee to green, take your chances with nature, the wind, rain and the lie of the ball. Golf is founded upon tradition, and the player's philosophy should be to play the game and take the breaks, good or bad, as they come like a sportsman. Second: You must do nothing to take advantage of your opponent. The charm and philosophy of the game rests on these two principles. I have heard of some players who want to play winter rules all the year round, who have no conception of the real game of golf, want to tee up every ball that is not in a good lie—this type have not the spirit of the game in any sense of the word. If the governing bodies of golf listen to this type of golfer and change the rules to conform to his mistaken ideas, the game would soon lose its great attraction. You must keep in mind that golf has been played

for hundreds of years and its present state is the result of play over all this time."

These words seem to me to contain as excellent a definition of what golf should be, as dignified and spirited a plea for playing the game in the proper way, as can well be imagined. The same tone is to be found in Mr. Whitney's remarks about the slotted or rib-faced irons, which are now illegal here. "The question," he says, "must soon be met as to whether these clubs are lowering the science and skill of play and bringing the poorer player on a level with the good player, due to the fact that the club is so constructed as to make it unnecessary for a player to learn some particular shots. . . . The championship test should be a test of the highest skill, and if the golf bodies of the country decide that this type of club is taking away from the science of the game, it is their duty to stop their use in championship competition."

The question of barring particular implements is always a difficult one. Many people here think that it was a mistake ever to rule out the Schenectady and the mallet putters, and certainly no enormous success has been made so far in the limiting of the powers of the ball. I am not going to argue it here, but I quote Mr. Whitney to show that the American authorities have a very proper regard for the rigour of the game. And now let us listen to him on another point, that of the amateur status—not one perhaps of vital interest to the ordinary golfer, who does not play in championships, but still extremely important to the well being of the game. It is one on which the U.S.G.A. have taken up a very strong line. They have had, perhaps, to meet difficulties with which we have not had to contend. There was, for instance, the question of amateurs who made a tour of holiday courses which belonged to hotels,

played matches which attracted people to those hotels, and then were paid for their trouble on the pretext that they were golfing "architects" and had suggested improvements to the course. This sort of "camouflage" is not easy to deal with, but the U.S.G.A. came down with a firm hand and put a stop to it. Likewise they have taken a very stern point of view as to amateurs who signed golfing articles which they did not write themselves, allowed their names to be used in advertisements of golfing goods, and did other things of that sort which are certainly not unheard of here. Now they are concerned with presents of what is called golfing "equipment" to leading players, and this is what Mr. Whitney says: "There has been a growing practice among some dealers to exploit our championships by giving presents to the prominent amateurs competing. It is a vicious practice that men who happen to be good players should receive their golf equipment free, while men of slightly inferior ability and the public have to pay the bill. The first consideration should be always, in receiving an entry for a championship, that a man must be a gentleman and a sportsman. These characteristics should come first, regardless of the quality of his game. There has been too much hero worship in this country for a great many years by some of the public who seem to think that if a man is a good player that is sufficient for his eligibility."

That last sentence might be applied to other games than golf and in other countries than America. There are various other remarks of Mr. Whitney's that I should like to quote. As it is, I hope I have shown how strict a standard of conduct the golfing authorities of America set up for their subjects, and how scrupulously they wish to guard all that is best in the game.

THE "OLD VIC"



THE OLD COBURG THEATRE IN 1820.

THERE is about the Old Vic a homeliness and fellowship that our more cultivated and expensive West End theatres are apt to miss. There clings to it still the glamour of pantomime—we feel that it ought to be lighted by one of the great gas chandeliers of last century. True, the building is old—one of the oldest in London, having been built soon after Kemble retired, and when the immortal Siddons was still alive. But it is in the audience that lurks that quality hard to define, that spirit of *naïveté* making us, as all good audiences should be, as little children. We are too critical, nurtured in the lap of realism, to believe sincerely in play acting, but at the "Old Vic"—somehow years and sophistication slip off and with round eyes we gape and gaze at the great theatre with its towering tiers of galleries. It is the influence of the place. Our companions have come from a neighbourhood singularly deficient in beauty and rich in unsightliness. For the matter of a few pence they are transported from Lambeth to the land of make-believe where a few hangings, property pillars and stage rocks are to them, who have never seen such things, in very truth a blasted heath or some sleepy Southern city. Give them a few battlements, and they are in a mysterious castle, eerie and terrible. Turn on the amber floats, and the orange groves of Spain lie

before them. Here, in a place that through most of the past century was a byword for depravity, Shakespeare is played to an audience that can bear to listen to him uncut; for they have the quick, simple emotions of the men and women for whom he wrote. Be sure that his shade, if it yet walks upon earth, visits this theatre where almost alone in England he is loved, not as a genius, but as one who brings tears, exaltation and happy laughter. Surely of such a nature should be his National Theatre; a theatre of the English people.

The vicissitudes through which this house has passed during its long history of over a century are varied in the extreme, but there are two constant factors in its shifting fortunes—the building itself and the audience. It was in 1817 that, as a consequence of the building of Waterloo Bridge, the Coburg Theatre was opened. It was built there by the carpenter, Cabanelle, for the reason that makes the character of Transpontine drama of last century so different from that of the legitimate stage, namely, because the authority of the Lord Chamberlain does not extend across the river. Also it was placed there in order to be a rival to the Surrey Theatre. The fare provided at the Coburg was barn-storming melodrama, and continued to be so for sixty years, in spite of the change of

name in 1833 to the Victoria Theatre, of the chronic bankruptcy of successive managers, and of the removal of the wonderful mirrored drop curtain. John Hollingshead, of Gaiety fame, in his memoirs paints a vivid picture of its delights—and horrors. On the stage ranted the most hideous villains, shrieked the most virtuous heroines. In the gallery, half stripped and sweating, the audience roared and drank. There could be seen, up till 1879, scenes recalling those of Drury Lane immortalised in "Rejected Addresses." Hollingshead dwells upon an incident very similar to that passage introduced by the sublime lines:

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs esquire,
But when John William listed in the Blues
Emmanuel Jennings polished Stubbs' shoes.
Emmanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn cutter, a safe employ.

It goes on to relate how this son, Pat, chancing to dislodge his hat at the play,

Down from the gallery the beaver flew
And spurned the one to settle on the two—

in the stalls; till Pat, making a motley cable of knotted handkerchiefs, which he lowered down, recovered his property mid the vociferations of the multitude.

But in 1879 a change was worked. There lived at that time a very remarkable woman—Miss Cons—who, engaged in charitable work in the neighbourhood, constantly saw the effects on Monday morning, in the form of black eyes and bruised limbs, of Saturday's plugging and intoxication. She conceived the idea that if the sale of intoxicants could be prohibited in the theatre, and a clean but merry form of entertainment be provided, this might be put a stop to. Accordingly the place, which was in one of its frequent financial travails, was taken over by a body called the "Coffee Music Halls Company," among whom were Sullivan, Carl Rosa and Hollingshead. Thus the "Old Vic" became what so many people remember, a music hall. But at first, and small wonder, it did not pay, and in 1882 went into liquidation. The concern at this time, however, engaged the attention of Samuel Morley, M.P. for Bristol, a very rich textile manufacturer, whom the late King called "one of the greatest philanthropists of his age." With his assistance, given in the spirit of his constant reassurance: "Now, don't you worry about money; I will not let this important work flag for want of that," the "Old Vic" weathered the storm, and the educative side of the policy was extended. Polytechnics and science classes were held in the dressing and paint rooms behind the stage. On Thursdays lectures were delivered by first-class authorities on matters of general interest. From those who attended the classes a plasterer's labourer won a Scholarship at Cambridge, and a clerk has risen to knighthood. The evening classes then developed into the Morley College for Working Men and Women, which now numbers well over a thousand students, and of which Miss Martineau was the first Vice-Principal.

At the same time dramatic activities were extended. In 1889 tableau concerts of grand opera began to be given, which, in 1896, by the formation of a small chorus, grew into actual performances of opera—a form of drama that still flourishes there, and a company that must be the oldest non-touring one in England, over which Mr. Charles Corri yet presides.

In 1910 the wonderful woman who had worked this miracle died; her niece, Miss Lilian Baylis, since 1898 assistant manager, succeeded her as lessee and manager, and the third and greatest period of growth began.

During 1912 and 1913 Miss Baylis's tastes as a dramatic manager began to make themselves felt. She experimented, with the co-operation of such as Miss Rosina Filippi, in Shakespeare. It failed; but still she went on. During the gloomy winter of 1914-15 a Shakespeare Stock Company was formed with the assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Matheson Lang, and thirteen plays were given. Eminent actors spoke before the curtain; the newspaper gentlemen were invited—and success came. The producer, Mr. Ben Greet, who took over from Mr. Lang, is now well known, as is his successor, Mr. Robert Atkins, while it is doubtful whether any actor or actress has such a following as Mr. Russell Thorndike and Miss Sybil Thorndike. To be a "member" of the "Old Vic" company is now a guarantee of an artist's capacity and power of honest acting, and the company recently showed that they are a force in English drama by playing "Hamlet" without cuts to a great and spellbound audience, and by following up with the "unactable" "Peer Gynt."

The building has not materially altered since 1871, and the dressing-room accommodation is therefore that of a second-rate theatre of fifty years ago. Mr. Thorndike has a room about the size of an ordinary bath! For the exacting work of repertory and opera alternately the quarters and facilities are disgraceful, and have been condemned by the L.C.C. To reconstruct them £30,000 is needed. An average of £70 is raised weekly by passing round the box during performances, and a certain gentleman has promised £2,000 if fourteen other persons or bodies will guarantee a similar amount. Various actor-managers are giving benefit performances, and it is to be hoped that some of those public-spirited men who still seem to exist will appear in this hour of need.

The "Old Vic" is a national treasure. We are ashamed of our West End—bristling with theatres where Shakespeare will not pay, with no National Opera and no National Theatre. But it is only the well-to-do, the stiff-shirted, white-tied "playgoers" who are to blame—and they deserve not to have a National Theatre, who would not support it if they had it. But the poorer, "uneducated" classes have done what they have failed to do—to appreciate the greatest English poet, to frequent a theatre where his works can be constantly played, and to make that theatre pay its way. They are, in their limited manner, making up the deficit, but if all smart playgoers would each spare but the price of a comfortable cushioned stall—England would have in the "Old Vic," not far from Shakespeare's "Globe," a theatre which, to be sure, they need not visit, but of which they might well be proud.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

THE RACES FOR THE "GUINEAS"

NOTES ON NEXT WEEK'S RACES.

AMONG horses likely to run prominently for the Two Thousand Guineas next week are the following: His Majesty's Weathervane, Lord Astor's Tamar, Lord Woolavington's Captain Cuttle, Major Harold Cayzer's Poisoned Arrow, Lord Queenborough's St. Louis, Lord Durham's Architect, Mr. Sol Joel's Polyhistor and Pondoland, Mr. C. F. Kenyon's Sir Greysteel, Mr. E. Moore's Lembach, Lord Penrhyn's Dr. Quill, Mr. A. de Rothschild's Triumph, Mr. Barclay Walker's Craigangower, Lord Wavertree's Baydon, Mr. James White's Noblesse Oblige, Norseman or Sanhedrim, and no doubt one or two others of lesser distinction. It may, perhaps, be of interest to give some biographies of these horses, for I am assuming that the winner is included in the lot named above. First of all, one may well wonder which of them is likely to be favourite on the day. It is nearly as difficult to supply an answer to that question as to suggest what is going to win. The fact will show how the keenest students in these matters are finding it most perplexing to size up an extraordinarily complex situation where the first of the classic races is concerned. The situation is almost unique in the experience of the present generation.

So far as one can judge, the position of favourite is likely to be contested by Captain Cuttle and Pondoland. The former won the Wood Ditton Stakes at the first meeting of the season at Newmarket, and as that was only his second appearance in public it is assumed that he is a first-class one, for on his only other appearance, which was as a two-year-old at Doncaster, he ran Collaborator to half a length, having, at the same time, to contend with all the disadvantages of seeing a racecourse for the first time. This colt, which belongs to his breeder, Lord Woolavington, is quite an impressive individual, being a big horse far out of the ordinary, but having more quality than is

usually given to a horse above the average in size. He is a chestnut with some white about his feet and a prominent blaze. His limbs are clean and well set on with no suggestion of thickness about the tendons and nothing in the nature of being back at the knee, which is such a common fault in these days. Added to his good looks is really fine action, to which I attach the greatest importance. He was bred, as I have said, by Lord Woolavington at the Lavington Park Stud, near Petworth in Sussex, his sire being that unbeaten horse Hurry On, by Marcovil. Hurry On was a very big and heavy horse and there is no shadow of doubt that he was a very good one. His stock are for the most part big horses, and if there be a crab about them it is on the score of size. Captain Cuttle is from a mare named Bellavista. So far as my memory goes she was not a big one, and I can well remember her winning as a two-year-old at Ascot when owned, I fancy, by Mr. James Russell. Not long ago the mare was sold out of the Lavington Stud for a mere "song," but she must be fairly old now.

Captain Cuttle's claims to be taken seriously for this race are undoubted, even on what he has done in his only two outings. I do not think he had much to do at the Craven Meeting, for all the other jockeys were most concerned about pulling up when they found they could not beat the colt; indeed, some anxiety was shown to avoid getting placed in case the handicapper should take a very strict view of the running with one in the first class. When he ran second to Collaborator at Doncaster I thought the winner was not seriously troubled, but for a novice the other one certainly did very well indeed. Some people who saw the race think that Collaborator was pressed to win. They are entitled to their ideas just as I am entitled to mine. Personally, I should like to have seen Captain Cuttle more seriously tested, but as the form stands it must be conceded that

he has an undeniable chance. I would rejoice to see Lord Woolavington win this important classic race. He has steadily supported racing on the very highest lines and to such men due reward should go. All good wishes, therefore, to Captain Cuttle and his owner.

Now I come to Mr. Sol Joel's pair, which I take to be Polyhistor and Pondoland. The former we saw out in the race for the Greenham Stakes, when he quite failed to be dangerous to Weathervane, Leighon Tor, Poisoned Arrow and Baydon. He was, let me remind you, giving away as much as 13lb., which is a lot for one three year old to give another in the highest class at the end of March. I have no definite reason for saying so, but I believe there is more faith in Pondoland. For one thing the latter has the better physique and looks more like holding his own with some of the big horses in the race. Pondoland is one of the first crop of foals credited to that very excellent New Derby winner, Pommern, son of Polymelus. His dam, Gourouli, died a little while ago. She was bred in France, being a daughter of that successful French sire, St. Damien, which, however, was a son of St. Simon of undying fame. Gourouli's dam was a Minting mare, and on breeding alone the colt should be capable of staying the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby. Well, of course, he ought to win on the running with Collaborator in the race for the Free Handicap last autumn. He tried to give that good colt 7lb. and was beaten two lengths. We saw Collaborator put up a smashing performance to win the Craven Stakes, giving 15lb. to Tamar, which was regarded as a certainty, and others. That was wonderfully good form, and if Pondoland should have improved in the same ratio from two to three years of age then the first of the classic races should be good for Mr. Sol Joel's horse. If I have any doubts it is because I think Collaborator has done exceptionally, and that he would now give weight and a beating to Pondoland and any other three year old. I may or may not be wrong in that supposition. If I am right then the Two Thousand Guineas next week must still remain an open race. At any rate, Collaborator would have been a good favourite had he been in it. No one who saw the smashing form he showed at the last meeting would have had any doubt as to what would now be favourite either for next Wednesday's race or for the Derby.

Poisoned Arrow first saw the light at the National Stud at Tully, near to Kildare, and when he came to Newmarket to be sold as a yearling he was purchased by Major Cayzer for something like 3,000 guineas. He is an imposing horse, still undoubtedly backward, as he has ever been, because he was not exploited as a two year old, and I much doubt whether he will be fit enough to show of his best next week. I do not think we have seen the best of him yet, and also I do not think that he will win this race. Rather would I esteem him next September for the St. Leger. Both that course and the distance would be more to his liking as well as the additional time he will have. Architect is a big slab of a horse rather dipped in his back but possessed of two fine ends and with the capacity to gallop. I doubt, however, whether he is in the first-class. He has a splendid trainer in Percy Peck, than whom no one is more capable, and many would much like to see Lord Durham win a classic race, for the Turf owes a very great deal to him.

Then in contemplating the candidature of His Majesty's Weathervane one inevitably recalls Minoru, who, after winning the Greenham Stakes for King Edward in the same way that Weathervane did for King George, went on from success to win, first, the Two Thousand Guineas and then the Derby. Will this colt be good enough? I should have felt more hopeful had Poisoned Arrow given a better show against Collaborator at the last meeting, and this, I think, is the view of his very able trainer, Mr. Marsh. He will know of any limitations on the part of the colt.

He did not give me the impression when I rejoiced to see him win at Newbury that there was much scope for improvement in him. He is not a big fellow in the sense that such as Captain Cuttle and Poisoned Arrow are. It is unlikely, therefore, that Weathervane will be able to show much improvement on that public form. On the other hand he is a horse of fine speed and quality, and he will certainly take some beating no matter what the issue may be.

Sir Greysteel is a powerful colt by Roi Herode from a mare called Grania, the dam of Granely. He is a very fine individual, but I saw him give a shifty display at Derby last back end and I cannot fancy this one. Lembach I do not think has any sort of chance. This horse has done badly from two to three years of age, and I feel sure we have seen the best of him. Dr. Quill is the neat and strongly made Charles O'Malley colt that beat Architect a head at the last meeting at Headquarters. He was getting weight then from Lord Durham's colt, and I cannot believe he is in the first-class. Triumph was third when Tamar was second to Collaborator for the Craven Stakes, and though this is one that will win races I do not see, for instance, how he is going to beat such as Pondoland and Captain Cuttle, to say nothing of Tamar. The last named has been much condemned since his failure against Collaborator, but it should not be overlooked that he beat all others and he should not be dismissed lightly. Alec Taylor did not fancy him for nothing last time, and I fully expect to see this beautifully bred son of Tracery and Hamoaze vindicate himself, if not this time, then before long. He does not look a great horse, for he is inclined to be shelly and generally lacking in physique. His half-brother, Buchan, was not a big horse, but he was sturdier than this one is.

Craigangower won a race at Liverpool in the first week of the season and he is a very nice horse that stays well, but I am rather sceptical that he is in the top class and I cannot, therefore, believe in his capacity to beat several others. Baydon is an attractive colt in every respect. He was bred and is owned by that great enthusiast, Lord Wavertree, and I fully expect him to do much to bear out the exceptional regard his owner has for him. On form, however, he has much to make up on several others, and I daresay that through Polyhistor Mr. Sol Joel may think that he holds this one safe. Lord Queenborough will be represented by St. Louis, a son of Louvois, that has yet to be acquainted with a racecourse. He is a bad coloured bay horse that has, however, been working for some time past in great style with the rest of Mr. Gilpin's horses at Newmarket. A little while ago I fancy he disappointed in a gallop, but I have reason to believe that he will run well, though I cannot recommend him to win outright. With regard to those appearing in the name of Mr. White we know something definite about Norseman and Sanhedrin, and neither, in my opinion, is in this class. Noblesse Oblige has yet to make acquaintance with a racecourse. Horses of this kind do not come out and win classic races except in such a rare instance as that provided by Common, and that was thirty-one years ago. In my opinion all form points to the race being won by either Pondoland or Captain Cuttle. I have not seen the former this year. If I had done so and had liked him I should have gone for him alone, but I couple the other and feel fairly confident that one or the other will win.

The best of those entered for the One Thousand Guineas and which are likely to run are Lord Astor's Program, Lord Durham's Indulgence, Mr. Marshall Field's Golden Corn, Mr. Jack Joel's Stupidity and Laughter, Lord Rosebery's Lattice and Mr. Washington Singer's Leighon Tor. In this case the way is clear, for last year Golden Corn was not only the best of her sex but the best of her age. I understand she has done well, and she will be ridden by Donoghue. I, therefore, do not hesitate to say she will win. Indulgence is a very nice filly indeed, and she may be good enough to run into a place.

PHILIPPOS.

A DREAM OF BRUGES

(In *Influenza*.)

A rush of fevered dreams . . . and then
I dreamed of mart and carillon.
On Flemish cobbles, once again,
The wimpled Sisters of St. Jean

Trudged past me, vowed to Charity;
Gamins in sabots clattered down
From fish-market to ancient quay
Where paced the bare-foot monks in brown . . .

An old, old bridge, a poplar row,
Two windmills, each on little hill,
And there, a blessed hour or so,
! ear Town of Chimes, roamed I at will . . .

For so it seemed! But still, ah, still
I dream of mart and carillon,
Two windmills on two little hills,
And wimpled Sisters of St. Jean!

JOYCE COBB.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE DEANERY, WINCHESTER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the recent articles on the Deanery, Winchester (especially interesting to one who has lived in the house), the Dean makes a remark which needs a little explanation; on page 444 he says, "At the north end" (of the Drawing-room) "hangs a very large glass, the frame of which is made out of very delicate carved Italian work, probably early sixteenth century, which is said to have been brought from the Cathedral in the degenerate days of one of the former Deans. It would be impossible now to replace it." This reads as if the Dean of degenerate days had wilfully destroyed something in the Cathedral. Dr. Hutton and others know quite well to whom the frame is due, and in justice to Dean Kitchin I may explain that the carving was found in one of the triforium galleries, thrown away and much of it broken underfoot. He had it cleaned and pieced together to form a frame, with the idea that it would save it and be a help towards the furnishing of an embarrassingly large drawing-room. It is to be regretted that, after Dean Kitchin went to Durham, the beautiful old gilding was covered over with a coat of pale modern leaf which will never tone down to the original colour. It is neither debate nor Italian nor early sixteenth century, but a rough and ready Jacobean imitation of the conventional Gothic vine pattern. It came from what must have been a very effective oak-panelled baldachino or canopy which was put up at the back of the high altar, affixed to the stone reredos, and which no doubt accounted for the paring away of some of the stone canopies of the altar screen; it rose almost to the height of the arms of the stone cross overhead, and came forward with a panelled cove, from the edge of which hung roughly carved festoons of flowers with cherubs' heads in between. The strips of vine carving in question formed the frieze of the cornice, judging from old engravings which remain. Judging from the colouring, the roughness and attempts at Gothic, it may have been executed about 1634, the date of the wonderful imitation Gothic fan vault of oak which was put up in the tower to form a belfry in the lantern above, or perhaps it was erected soon after the Restoration, when a great deal was done to refurnish and embellish the Cathedral after a period of evil days; although made of oak it was all painted brown, with the carvings touched with colour and richly gilded, and must have presented a fine appearance. I do not know when it was discarded; in Britton's History of Winchester, 1817, with fine and accurate (for the period) copper-plate engravings, there is a plate which shows the altar screen without the baldachino, and, further on in the book, another which shows it still in place, with the altar-piece picture by Sir Benjamin West underneath and the fine Inigo Jones choir screen in front; all three have now departed, the picture to America and the rest to the crypts and triforiums. It may be that the carving ought to have been left to moulder where it was found, and it would still not be "impossible to replace it now," for it could be taken to pieces again and be replaced in the triforium, if some Dean of less degenerate days thought it right to do so. —G. H. KITCHIN.

DON'T SHOOT!

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have just been reading the Correspondence in COUNTRY LIFE and have been forcibly struck by the two letters wherein readers describe how they saw a freak of Nature—something rare—and how they shot it. It seems to me a lamentable thing that man's first impulse when he beholds any wild animal or bird which he has not previously seen is to shoot it. It would appear that we do not want to find fresh animals and to encourage the investigation of "freaks," and yet in the one instance—where a keeper sees and shoots a stoat that has lost its fore-legs—the writer is enquiring how the animal bounded after its active prey. Would it not have done infinitely more good had he observed that animal for a few days? Thereby he would have solved the problem of the poor animal's methods of propulsion, and have placed on record an observation of animal-freak life hitherto not recorded. In the other case a white woodcock was shot. Why? A tame, or seemingly so, sparrow was in this district some time ago; it was seen and killed with

a stone. May I, through the medium of your Correspondence columns, appeal to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE not to shoot these freaks, but to observe and let us know the very interesting results of such observation.—NOEL PACKWOOD.

A SLEEPING BAT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wonder if this photograph would be of interest to you. A long-eared bat, clinging to the trunk of an oak in the garden, about seven feet above the ground, was noticed by the gardener in the early morning of the 30th of March. The side of the trunk to which it was clinging faces south-east, is bare to the open sky, and shows no cover of any kind. The rising sun, when it appeared between the clouds, shone full on it and its sleeping tenant. As the sun became stronger the bat became restless and about ten o'clock began to crawl



THE BAT ON THE OAK TREE.

downwards, on the same side, till it settled down to sleep again, about two and a half feet above the soil, when the enclosed photograph of it was taken. The maximum and minimum temperatures taken in the garden on that morning at 9 a.m. (G.T.) were 43° and 31° Fahr. —I. PHILLIPS DAVIES.

MOTHS' EGGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am much interested in the article contributed by Mr. A. E. Tonge on "Moths' Eggs under the Microscope" in April 8th issue of COUNTRY LIFE and wonder if he would be so good as to tell us more about where these eggs are to be looked for and at what season of the year? I may add that I have been a subscriber to COUNTRY LIFE for twenty-five years past.—A. G. MOREY WEALE.

[Mr. Tonge writes: "Your correspondent's query is so wide that it is not possible to reply to it definitely. Moths' eggs are to be found almost everywhere and at all seasons of the year, and to say where the egg of each species is to be found, and when, would require a volume. If Mr. Weale merely desires to make a general search now the best advice I can give him is to examine the twigs of oak, birch, hawthorn, lime and, in fact, almost any tree, paying particular attention to the

base of the buds, as many species of moths laid their eggs in such situations last autumn, and these have not yet hatched out. The eggs of the common Vapourer moth may be found all through the winter on the cocoon of the female parent. This is to be looked for in hawthorn hedges with dead leaves attached, or under the coping of walls, fences, gateposts, etc. If Mr. Weale desires to search for eggs of any particular species I could no doubt help him further."—ED.]

OAK FURNITURE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Referring to the table illustrated on page 486 of your issue of April 8th, I think your correspondent is quite mistaken in placing this in the sixteenth century. It is late seventeenth at least, and I should say is of Lowland Scotch origin. I have seen quite a lot of this chip-carving from this quarter, and as a cheap and effective decoration it persisted well into the eighteenth century. It is doubtful whether the central stretcher-rail could be described as a persistence from the Gothic trestle form. So many of these tables with central stretchers were made during the seventeenth century. The character of the turning of the legs, in my opinion, establishes a date not earlier than about 1680, and this is borne out again by the style of the mouldings on the drawer muntins and rails and on the central stretcher. I regard this form of table as the Scotch equivalent of the long Suffolk dresser.—HERBERT CESCINSKY.

[We publish Mr. Cescinsky's letter with its interesting remarks on chip-carving, but it practically bears out our Editorial comment, though he is disposed to date the table somewhat later in the seventeenth century.—ED.]

HELP FOR THE DAIRY FARMER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—One cannot disguise the fact that a very serious crisis has arisen in the affairs of the dairy farmer. The general public are not exercised with anything beyond the price they are called upon to pay for milk, and the cheaper the better so far as they are concerned. They concern themselves no more with the cost of production or the cost of distribution than they do with the quality of the milk supplied them, whether it is rich in butter fat or just able to pass the Government standard of 3 per cent.; whether it is pure milk or contaminated milk. Large estates have been broken up and a tenant farmer has become the owner of his farm, in many cases, I am sorry to say, either by an overdraft from his bank or a mortgage. If he is a dairy farmer and has looked for ready money from his milk, he finds that he cannot produce milk at 8d. a gallon, so this source fails him. The whole position is uneconomic, and the sooner steps are taken to rectify it the better, for, if left to adjust itself, as no doubt it would do in time, half the farmers in the country would be ruined in the process. I can speak with some knowledge. When I was in the City my farm was my hobby, and my aim was to produce Grade A milk from cows, the first consideration of which was health. By keeping strict records, I am not keeping any cow which does not give a proper quantity of milk. My herd are all good milkers or they are not kept; many of my cows have given over 1,000lb. of milk and over 5 per cent. of butter fat in one lactation period, and my best cow has given 63,841lb. in six years. Must I give up a herd such as this, producing over fifty gallons of milk a day? I cannot produce milk under the above conditions at anything approaching 8d. a gallon. It does not seem to me right that the producer should receive 8d. per gallon (in fact, he does not receive 8d., as he must pay carriage) and the distributor 1s. a gallon. The proposed new milk Bill may make it even more impossible, if the standard of sanitation and cleanliness is to be improved, than it is now for him to produce milk at anything approaching 8d. a gallon. The small farmer, should he want to distribute a small quantity of milk daily, is greatly hampered by the Trade Board's restrictions as to wages, hours and overtime, but I must not enlarge upon this: it is a very big subject. Cannot the Board of Agriculture consider the question of establishing creameries in certain centres, where milk could be sent when there is a surplus and treated as it is in America and on the Continent? This would surely be helping the farmer and also the community at large.—D. C. HALDEMAN.

OLD ENGLISH GAME FOWLS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Now that the Board of Agriculture is taking an active and practical interest in the great poultry industry, I would like to say a word on the production of meat, as apart from eggs. At the National Shows, the Royal, Smithfield, Birmingham, etc., prizes are offered for dead fowls, and it is interesting to note the breeds, or their crosses, which almost invariably head the prize list. It is also gratifying to find that the judges go for quality, and not necessarily for the largest birds. The most successful exhibitors invariably use either Indian or Old English game fowls. As an experiment I have used both crosses, but find that the Old English game give by far the best results. They carry a large amount of meat, and that in the right place, on the breast. They are fine in bone, white (not yellow) flesh, and have the delicate "gamey" flavour of the pheasant. Old English game fowls are strikingly handsome; if on a free range get their own living, and are ornamental about a country house or homestead. I myself have bred them for a quarter of a century, and while I cannot recommend them as a laying breed, some of my individual hens lay as well as Leghorns.—JOHN WATSON.

COUNTRY LIFE IN ANDALUSIA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I hope you may like to see some more pictures of Andalusia. The bulk of the country produce and much of the merchandise is still transported by strings of pack mules and donkeys over sandy tracks quite unsuitable for wheeled vehicles. It is a pretty sight to see a long procession coming through some woodland valley, the muleteers merrily singing the quaint nasal songs of the country and greeting the traveller with a cheery "Buenos dias" and a flash of white teeth. Then there is the mail coach, the driver of which shows more skill and dash than the condition of his team warrants. His vehicle is used as a public conveyance and is often packed with noisy countrymen and large market baskets, some of the passengers squatting, tailor fashion, on the flat roof in precarious positions. The team may consist of two, three or four animals, mules and horses mixed indiscriminately, and generally rather a sorry lot. Another interesting vehicle

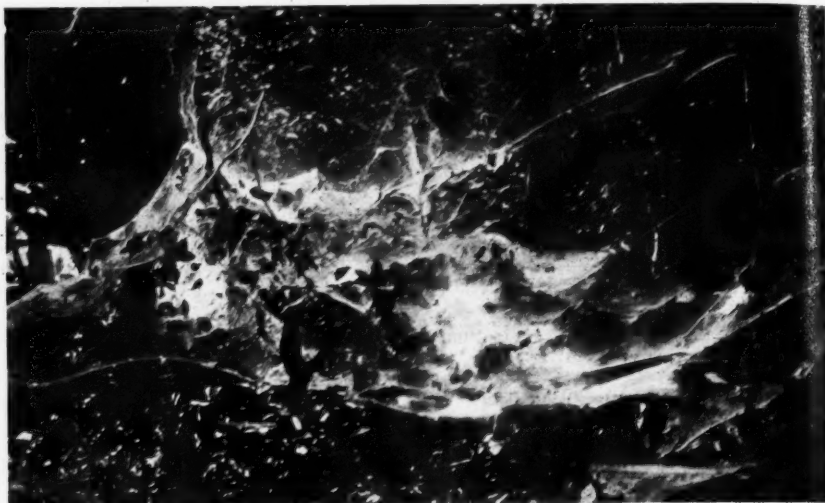
is the heavy carrier's cart, a two-wheeled underslung affair with a canvas hood and curious brakes consisting of poles lashed against the hubs of the wheels. Sometimes these are drawn by sleek teams of well matched mules standing anything up to 17h.; at others, a team of six or seven animals will gradually diminish in size from a great fellow in the shafts to a microscopic leader, mule or donkey, which generally

to the burden, and it is quite usual to see two heavy men on a donkey already carrying its full load.—R. F. MEREDITH.

AN AFRICAN SPIDER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of the web of the bird-eating spider of Central Africa may



THE WEB OF THE BIRD-EATING SPIDER.

appears to be in immediate danger of being run down and trampled underfoot by the remainder of the team. Milk is carried from the farms to the town and villages in tins slung, pannier-fashion, on mules, the necks of the bottles being stuffed with coarse grass to keep it cool. The animals are tied head to tail, the head of the second being fastened to the tail of the leader, and so on. The leader generally has the privilege of carrying the *hombre* in charge. This is typical of the attitude of the muleteer. Whatever the normal load of the animal, he thinks nothing of adding his weight

interest you. It is one of the most elusive of the large insects of the African forest. Its web is to be found only in the densest parts of the forest, and, although I have met with these on perhaps half a dozen occasions in fifteen years, I never had the good fortune to observe the spider. Natives speak with some knowledge of the insect, but I have met few who could say they had seen it. Their descriptions of it give its size as equal to that of a man's hand. I put out a reward for an insect if brought to me, but with no result. The web is spun among the undergrowth of the forest about five or six feet from the ground, and is of very large size. The one figured covers an area of quite 100 square ft. It is of considerable strength and supports quite large twigs and pieces of wood which may drop into it. It easily holds birds as large as an English sparrow, and I have seen two dead birds in a web. Perhaps some of your readers may have some further information to give of this interesting insect. I can find no reference to it in books of African travel, although its comparative rarity may explain this. I have travelled through forests for months on end without seeing a web.—E. BROWN.

HERRING GULLS: AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Without wishing to cast any doubt upon the recent identification of two new records of the yellow-legged herring gull (*Larus cachinnans*), might I be allowed to point out a very peculiar optical illusion with regard to herring gulls (*Larus argentatus*) standing in certain positions, by which I have several times been deceived? When standing among stones with the sun shining on a background of water, the legs to the naked eye sometimes appear distinctly yellow at a distance of 25yds. to 50yds. A prismatic glass at once corrects the illusion and shows the legs to be flesh coloured. Three times in Orkney I was so deceived and on one occasion shot the bird. Since then I have many times been so deceived. In September last I saw four herring gulls in such a position, all of which at 25yds. to 30yds. appeared to have yellow legs, although in two others well away from the water the legs showed normal. The same thing happened to me last tenth of January, some of the birds being actually in the shallow water. The prismatic again showed all of them to be *L. argentatus* with flesh-coloured legs, as they had previously done for others in the same place under like conditions. Test my eyes might be blamed for the illusion, I might add that others whose attention I called to such birds proclaimed their legs also to be yellow to the naked eye. To bring about the illusion the birds must be either in or within a foot of the water and on a level with it; the water must be fresh, not salt, and running.—H. W. ROBINSON.



MULETEERS ON THE MARCH.



THE ANDALUSIAN CARRIER'S CART.

FROM ONE END OF SPAIN TO THE OTHER

OLD Castile is not the whole of Spain any more than the South of England is the whole of Great Britain. Not many Castilians really think that the Castiles are the only parts of the country which matter; but men from other provinces are inclined to believe that they think so, and there lies the trouble. People who have travelled in Spain and made acquaintances will find that their friends often turn out to be Galicians, Andalucians or Catalans; and Spaniards experience the same thing with Anglo-Saxons. "When we meet an Englishman," they say, "he usually tells us that he's a Scotchman or a Welshman or an Irishman, or, of course, an American; it's rare to meet anyone who's really English."

Only to-day came a letter from a Galician friend who lives near Corunna. He has been for several weeks on the point of starting for Madrid, but, he says, "if you know this soft, Atlantic country, you'll understand what it costs me to leave it and plant myself on the rude, Castilian uplands. On the table there's a great bunch of roses which have just been picked. The garden is full of camellias; all through the winter it's full of flowers. . . ." Don Ramón has various interests. He is also a critic of distinction and an editor of Spanish plays of our Elizabethan period; but he is never happier than when he is reading Grimm's Fairy Tales or Hauff's, and turning them into Castilian. He is a great admirer and lover of Castile, and has a small house in the country north of Madrid, under the gaunt peaks of the Sierra Guadarrama. He invites you to walk out and see him, a marvellous walk when the sun shines and the mountains have a sprinkling of snow. His "Velazquezian Solitudes," he calls them; for they served as a background to several of Velazquez' portraits of young princes, such as Don Baltasar Carlos on his oddly shaped, or oddly forest-shortened, pony. He takes you to see the royal hunting lodge and shows you the tapestries and the ceilings; he leads you to a little chapel on a hill, where they have a famous Christ, a fine piece of Castilian sculpture in wood; and when you come out, the last rays of the sun will be upon the palace, the village, the oaks and the ilexes of the forest of El Pardo. When it begins to get dark he packs you off in a diligence "*muy siglo XVIII*"—very eighteenth century—"and look (he says), look at all these people inside! Listen to them! They might have been invented by Dickens!" And so they very well might. You go back to Madrid with a confused but vivid recollection of a little white house, neat and orderly to the last degree, yet full of great tomes of Lope de Vega, and presided over by the Señora, who played you some dances by Granados with just that Spanish *something* which other people do not get into their playing—a glance into the lives of two happy mortals who seem to have solved most of the problems of contentment.

In this house, where the books overflowed all down the staircase, there were many volumes in Catalan, that curiously abrupt but expressive language (akin to Provençal), which is spoken in Barcelona and a good deal of Eastern Spain, as well as in the Balearic Isles and in one town in Sardinia. It was used by troubadours, philosophers and chroniclers in the middle ages, but was forgotten by educated people, and only restored to its position as a cultivated language when the old words and forms as well as the old ballads and folk songs were recovered from country people in the last century.

If the Castiles are the "southern counties" of Spain, and Galicia its "West Country," Catalonia may be compared with some of our northern counties. Analogies of this kind are always superficial and often misleading, and this one, in particular, need not be pressed too far. Barcelona is a Liverpool for shipping, a Manchester for cotton and textiles. In the country, and in the towns as well, people are fond of singing in chorus, as they are in our own north country—a thing which is done nowhere else in Spain. In the summer every town, every village, almost, has its festival; and the choral society holds a meeting in a garden or in the woods, and sings part-songs. Many of them are founded on traditional melodies and seem to us more familiar and less "Spanish" than most music from Central or Southern Spain. There is also a dance—a "dance-meeting" it might be called—known as the "Sardana," which is encouraged as games are in England. The band is curious; among other instruments is a diminutive drum, worn (as Professor Donald Tovey expressed it) like a wrist watch.

Barcelona leaves no recollection more vivid than that of the flower stalls in the "Ramblas." It is worth making friends with the old women who keep them; for they say odd and characteristic things, and they have seeds for disposal which, in several cases, have afterwards done well in an English garden. Barcelona has its holy mountain, Montserrat, which is the oddest mountain imaginable when seen from a distance. The real

sacred hills of Catalonia, which have inspired the poets and cleared the heads of the thinkers, are the Montseny farther north, up by the Pyrenees. That is the real Catalonia. So, too, is the coast. One of the oldest Catalan ports is Tarragona, the capital of Roman Spain, lying on its headland some way south of Barcelona. Standing at the corner of almost any street you have a view of open sea, harbour and mountains; and at cross-roads the suddenness of the vision will take your breath away by its beauty—or a stray mule coming upon you from behind will do the same thing. The Tarragonese have always rebuilt their town—the old town, at any rate—with the old stones. There never were any stones in Tarragona which the builders rejected. The head stone of the corner is just as likely to bear a Roman inscription as any other stone anywhere else. A pleasant fiction relates that Pontius Pilate was born there; but the glorious existing facts of Tarragona are the cathedral cloisters and the remains of the Roman aqueduct, standing up, magnificent and alone, in the middle of the fields.

Between Tarragona and Barcelona is the little seaside town of Sitges, which is (or was) the home of Santiago Rusiñol. Rusiñol began life as a painter of Spanish gardens, and afterwards became the writer of attractive and successful plays. All painters, of course, say that he is a dramatist who cannot paint, while all writers are convinced that he is a painter who cannot write. The truth is that there are few of Rusiñol's plays or pictures which are not worth seeing. The interest of Sitges is that Rusiñol seems to have made it in his own image, so bright is it, so gay and full of colour.

Farther north, near the French border, the coast becomes steep and rises abruptly in immense cliffs out of a very blue sea; it is called the "Costa Brava." Down by Barcelona it is sandy, mile upon mile of beach, with rows of fishing boats; to Catalans who are fond of poetry, the village of Badalona will always be known as "Badalona of the hundred ships." In the summer there are rows of bathing huts as well; for in Catalonia, as in England, many people feel that the only way to spend the summer is either on the water or in it, and they pass the hot summer days—especially the women-folk—bathing, or lying in the sun, or sewing in the shade of their bathing huts. "The place where *La Ben Plantada* was staying (we are translating from a famous Catalan novel) was a small town on the coast. It was a small town, and above all it was a narrow one. There was the sea, they might have said, there was the open country with scattered, squat farmhouses, and there, not much farther off, was the beginning of the mountains. Between the sea and the mountains lay the town; when you passed it in the train it seemed to have only one street. Through the middle of it ran a stream, and the trees on the banks were the only trees in the neighbourhood, if you did not count a few plantations of oranges, and, farther off, and farther up, a few cypresses. . . . With its very Greek-looking hill and the gentle curve of the beach, the village has a very good 'line'; and against the simple, square outlines of the houses the rounded orange trees formed a point of repose for the eye. . . . There was still a definite relation between earth, vegetation, houses and sea, with no sudden transition from one to the other; and a few atrocious villas had not spoiled the general appearance. . . ."

A friend had been showing the scene and explaining the background of this story, of which he happens to be the author. His own house was at the far end of a village, two or three miles inland—a broad passage, with white walls and tiled floor and all the rooms opening out of it on one side. Outside was a terrace with a row of trees and a view of hills, near and frowning; one of them had a ruined castle on the top of it. Beyond his house, the road ended in a graceful but rather substantial Catalan house of the early eighteenth century. It had a high, whitewashed passage running from the front door back to an enormous cellar with a vaulted roof. Rooms opened out on both sides of the hall; they contained solid-looking old tables (of walnut, most of them), and plain, straight-backed chairs with curiously made cane seats. They all had wide open fireplaces covered with old tiles, mostly yellow and blue, with *genre* designs in which men were, for some reason, always doing things with the wrong hand. The staircase had brick steps and a low, whitewashed wall instead of bannisters; but along the top, where your hand went, were green rounded tiles, which made the monastic whiteness of the place more human and seemed to invite you to go upstairs. The whitewashed bedrooms had each a small four-poster, old lamps and old chairs, and chests which had been given to the daughters of former generations on their marriage. On the stairs was a glass hanging lamp of singular design, shiny and bulbous, with a large bowl to keep off the draught. And all this belonged to three little old ladies who sat, sewing, in a little formal garden in front of the house. J. B. TREND.

LEICESTER OLD TOWN HALL

BY EARL FERRERS.

THE building which is now Leicester's Town Hall, though not too great for its uses, is large and commanding. The old Town Hall stands, small and unobtrusive, in a narrow street. It was built for the mediæval Guild of Corpus Christi, but from 1620 right down to 1875 this little building, crowded round its tiny courtyard, was the home and centre of the municipal life of Leicester. If there had been nothing in it but this startling contrast, the Corporation would have done right in deciding to preserve it.

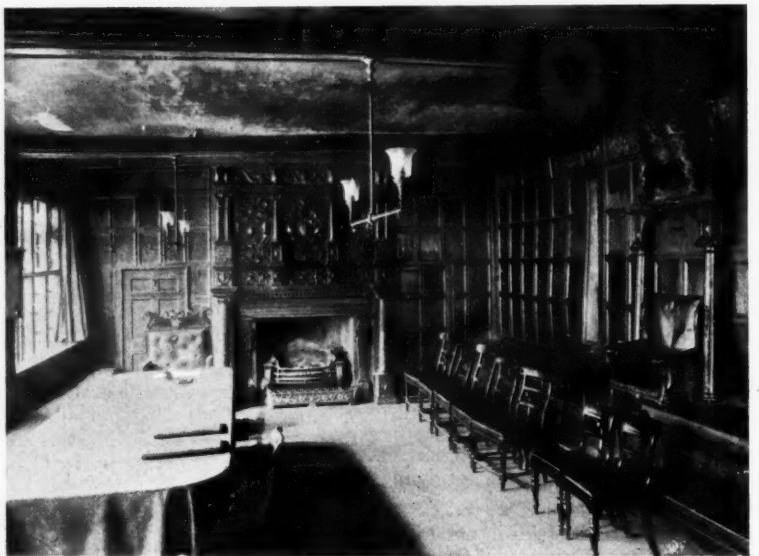
Preservation, however, is no easy task, and opinions will differ as to the proper methods. It is always the methods of treating an old building that come up for discussion; the principles, the objects to be aimed at, seem hardly to be thought of. Yet methods are merely means to an end, and methods to be used should depend on the thing to be accomplished. To men of the mid-nineteenth century the thing to be accomplished was clear enough. They overlooked the whole difference between the generation that built Leicester new Town Hall and the generation that built for the Guild of Corpus Christi. Their object was to restore a mediæval building to what it once was or might have been. Experience and the growth of historical imagination have shown this to be impossible. Nowadays we murmur "Preservation," but we, too, overlook something. There is no such thing as absolute preservation. Even repair is a change, and something or other of the old building is inevitably lost. The greater the decay, the greater the sacrifices, and the ideal of preservation becomes not a simple answer but a double question—a question of what it is possible to preserve and a question of what is most worth preserving. The former question is one for experts—the latter is profoundly human. What the body of man needs, what the eye of man delights in, what the mind of man has thought, what the heart of man loves, what the spirit of man dreams and worships, may all gather to the answering of it. And just as one man differs from another, so also every building has its own character, its own atmosphere, its own history, often even its own tricks and foibles, and one of us may value it for one quality, another for another—one may love it and another remain cold.

The old Town Hall is certainly one of the lovable buildings. Everyone must feel this, though few, if any, could say just what makes it so. Much homely directness, some stateliness for great occasions, a wide and long experience of life, and some rough usage and less prosperous days taken in good part—do some of these things make it sympathetic? In a friend we love, perhaps, his wrinkles, or some oddity of dress. A photographer smooths away the one, a tailor forbids the other. In a building, too, there may be oddities or marks of time which we hope the architect will look at with our eyes. We do not always love as we value or value as we love. To be really loved a building must be seen. Photography can hardly convey much of its personal charm. But the architectural value of the old Town Hall, its quiet beauty of mass and line, are evident enough from the photographs here reproduced.

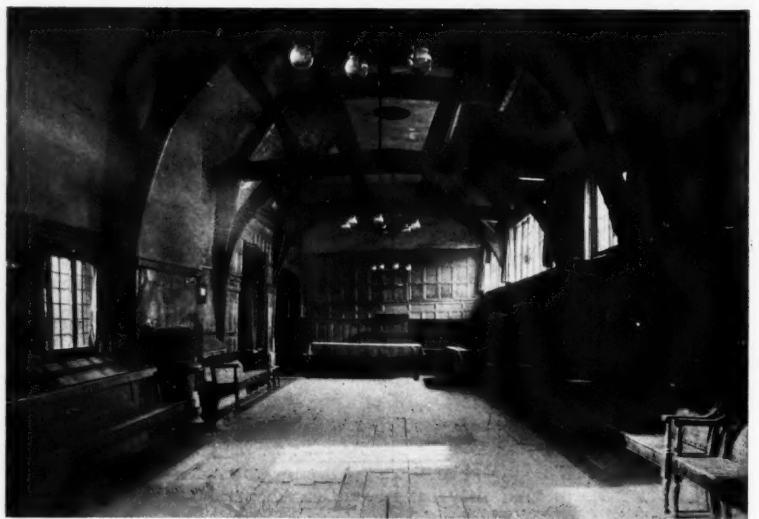
To a casual visitor architectural beauty may be the most important point. Not so to the Leicester man or to the educationist. History is not cold fact on a printed page, it is entering and understanding the life of a bygone day. The shock of finding the heart of Leicester's municipal life in a street which a modern motor trolley can hardly thread, and in a building none too big for a single department of to-day, compels the mind to stop and wonder at the difference between a famous city then and now. The least imaginative finds himself projected into the past and begins to feel as a reality what he had only known as a fact. The old Town Hall was a sort of little clubhouse with kitchens filling one side out of the four; here the business of the town was managed, and here mayors and juries had sat for generations. Long use has polished the old oak seats. We can follow their exits and their entrances. There is an insistent sense of the past being near and warm with life, and the place seems impregnated with it.



THE COURTYARD: THE ROOM ON THE GROUND FLOOR IS THE MAYOR'S PARLOUR.



THE PANELLING OF THE MAYOR'S PARLOUR, WITH ITS FINE JACOBÆAN MANTELPiece AND QUAINt PRESIDENTIAL THRONE, IS DATED 1637.



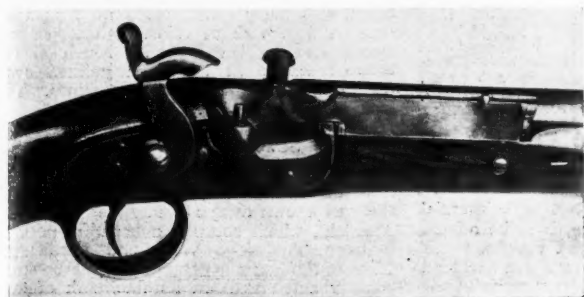
ORIGINALLY THE HALL OF THE CORPUS CHRISTI GUILD, AND USED AS THE TOWN HALL FROM 1620-1875.

In this nearness of the past lies the supreme value of the building. It is a quality only too easy to destroy. Like Pepys' Diary it depends much on the unimportant and the trivial. The details are convincing, and they stimulate something almost

like clairvoyance. A clairvoyant does not ask for a glove fresh from the cleaner, nor a historian for a building drastically restored. If this peculiar quality of the place is to be retained the safest rule would seem to be to alter nothing that can be left as it is.

CURIOUS PERCUSSION LOCKS

IN an article published in COUNTRY LIFE of April 1st I dealt in brief with the opening appearance of the percussion or detonating method of discharging firearms; I gave a short description of some early percussion locks and of the first forms of detonator. I now propose to describe a few more percussion locks and detonators, such as are marked by special peculiarities of type or construction; as before, I shall confine my attention to the locks, etc., of muzzle-loaders, hoping to discuss breech-loaders in a future article. Many early patents



WESTLEY RICHARDS' PATENT, 1838.

for percussion locks contained variations of the same idea; that of a magazine for detonators or detonating materials, with a mechanism whereby such detonators or detonating material could be placed one by one or bit by bit on the nipple or in the pan. Such locks considerably increased the rate of fire and had this additional advantage, that they evaded the obstacles which might be offered—by wind, cold fingers, excitement or inexperience—to the process of quickly capping or priming a gun by hand. So in 1838 W. Westley Richards took out a patent for a tubular cap magazine parallel to the right side of the barrel in front of the lock; the caps were inserted at the fore-end of the magazine and fell towards the breech by their own weight when the muzzle of the weapon was turned upwards. The hammer having been cocked, the magazine could be drawn back by a projecting knob until its rear end was over the nipple; a cap was then deposited on the latter, and as soon as the knob was released a spring returned the magazine to its first position. This system seems to have never passed beyond the stage of experiment; specimens are few and far between.

A very curious type of percussion lock combined with a priming magazine was one of foreign invention, though patented in England by C. L. S. Heurteloup in 1839. Here the hammer and nipple were below the barrel in front of the trigger-guard, while in front of the nipple was the long magazine; in this was placed a strip of detonating material which was fed on to the nipple by a cogged wheel turned by a lever, this lever being moved by cocking the hammer. As the hammer fell a sharp



HEURTELOUP'S PATENT PRIMING MAGAZINE, 1839.

edge on its nose cut off that portion of the strip which was in position for explosion. Muskets of this pattern were manufactured to some extent abroad, though the system was never adopted by any government.

The year 1839 was also the date of H. Wilkinson's patent for a lock in which the hammer and nipple were again beneath the barrel in front of the trigger-guard; the hammer and mainspring were in one and the greater part of the mechanism was completely exposed to view. The fore-end of the straight mainspring was screwed to the stock, its rear-end formed the hammer, which was cocked by pulling it down until it caught in a notch

in a plate attached to the trigger; when the trigger was pulled this end of the spring was released, struck upwards against the nipple and effected the discharge. I have seen regulation muskets and rifles fitted with this lock, so it must have been submitted to the British Government of the day, but without success; its military value was certainly open to doubt—if simple, it was decidedly fragile.

Undoubtedly the most successful type of priming magazine and mechanism was that patented by Edward Maynard in the United States about 1845. Its main feature was a coiled strip of detonating pellets carried in a box attached to an ordinary lock between the hammer and the nipple; the pressure of a spring—or, in another model, of a cogged wheel—forced up the strip pellet by pellet on to the nipple, the spring or wheel being moved by cocking the hammer. There was a sharp edge on the nose of the latter, such as has been already described as part of Heurteloup's mechanism. Maynard's invention found great favour with the United States Government, who manufactured it in large numbers, first for their smooth-bore percussion lock muskets, and later for their muzzle-loading rifles, their muzzle-loading cavalry pistol-carbines, and their Sharp's breech-loading carbines; in every case, I believe, it did good service. It is also found as an adjunct to Sharp's sporting rifles, Maynard's own breech-loader, and that capping breech-loading carbine, the invention of another American, named J. D. Greene, which was at one time experimentally issued to British cavalry.

I have in my possession a double-barrelled percussion lock shot-gun made by J. Blanch in 1849; it may have been manufactured under W. H. Ritchie's patent of the same year, though this supposition is scarcely endorsed by the specification on the drawings annexed thereto. The butt contains two tubular cap magazines extending forward to the nipples, and when the hammers are cocked the pivoted fore-ends of the magazines



MAYNARD'S PRIMING MAGAZINE. CIRCA 1845.

come over the nipples, on to which caps are then ejected by the spiral springs of the magazines; as the hammers fall these fore-ends move aside again, back to their first position, leaving the nipples clear. The magazines are charged through the heel-plate when their springs have been withdrawn. Another weapon in my collection is a muzzle-loading Enfield rifle fitted with the priming magazine for which an English patent was granted in 1858 to J. L. Chester of Philadelphia; this bears a strong general resemblance to that patented here in 1852 on behalf of R. S. Lawrence—another American—and usually found in conjunction with the Sharp's capping breech-loader. Chester's system is for detonating discs, to be carried in a vertical tubular magazine attached to the lock-plate, and to be pressed up one by one by a spiral spring into a gliding carrier linked to the hammer; as the latter falls it moves the carrier forward into a position over the nipple, and its nose, passing through the carrier, should drive the disc on to the nipple and explode it there.

A very interesting arm, though perhaps scarcely coming within the scope of this article, was the muzzle-loading percussion lock rifle patented by J. P. Lindsay in the United States in 1860; its single barrel took a double cartridge, one charge before the other. The two hammers were side by side, and the two nipples were in the same relative position, the flash-hole for the first charge being carried past the second in the thickness of the barrel; while to minimise the risk of the second charge being accidentally discharged first, the hammers were controlled by a single trigger, which would only release them in the proper order. A certain number of these rifles were manufactured at a United States arsenal; they seem to have been specially intended for use against the Indians, who might be surprised and impressed by the novelty of two bullets coming in succession out of one muzzle-loading barrel without re-loading; but they proved a failure and were soon discarded. H. H. HARROD.

THE ESTATE MARKET

LOCHIEL LANDS AND DUNPHAIL

ACHNACARRY is a fairly typical point of the great estate in Inverness-shire, which, as announced in *COUNTRY LIFE* on April 1st, is shortly to be the subject of selections for the purpose of sale by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, on behalf of Colonel Cameron of Lochiel. Achnacarry, the seat, is situated in the parish of Kilmalie. In the Rebellion of 1745 the Royal forces found it necessary, after their victory at Culloden, to detach a division to a station at the head of Loch Arkaig, to restrain the movements of the clan Cameron, whose chieftain, Lochiel, had allied himself to the Pretender.

The Lochy receives the Nevis, which descends in a majestic cascade from Ben Nevis, to enter the sea at Fort William. From the fishing standpoint the Lochy and Spean area is interesting on account of the fact that the rivers making up the system unite at abrupt angles from different directions and abound in deeply cut rock channels with awe-inspiring cascades. The Upper Spean district is noted for the so-called "parallel roads," or remains of the edge of glacier routes.

Just above Achnacarry House there is a waterfall of great magnificence. Wooded islands separate the waters at the point, and the well known Mucomer Pool is in the district. The present state of salmon fishing and its prospects, and the possibilities of improving it, are discussed at some length in Mr. W. L. Calderwood's recent book on "The Salmon Rivers and Lochs of Scotland." Another noted stream must be mentioned in connection with the Lochiel land, the Garry, which is reinforced by the Kingie rather more than a mile below Loch Quoich. Its source is in the Lochiel territory, across the divide from Glen Dessarg, at the top of Loch Arkaig. Glenkingie is extremely steep and wild, in every respect a perfect example of a remote Highland fastness. The deerstalking is the prime sporting feature of this district, which, it has been well said, "has an all-satisfying combination of beauty and grandeur." It was in Glenkingie Forest that Lord Burton in 1893 killed his famous stag of twenty times.

THE HAMILTON ESTATES.

The trustees of the 12th Duke of Hamilton are about to dispose of approximately 30,000 acres of Scottish land in the vicinity of Hamilton and elsewhere. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are the agents.

A FOREST BARD.

THE famous "Black Book of Taymouth" records that "Upon the threteenth day of February, anno 1622, the King's Majesty send John Shandebur with other two Englishmen in his company to see an quhyt hynd that was in Corrichiba upon the 22 day of February 1622." Corrichiba is the Blackmount of the present day. It seems to be the locality indicated in a quaint old record of the travels of the Vidame of Chartres, who, when a hostage in England in the reign of Edward VI, was allowed to travel into Scotland (he said, "au fin fond des Sauvages"). He mentioned that after a great hunting party, at which a wonderful quantity of game was killed, he saw the Highlanders devour their venison raw, "without other readying than compressing it between two bits of wood, so as to force out the blood." "La tres elegante Hystoire du tres noble Roy Perceforest" instances a similar custom.

The Reay country boasts its Bard, in the renowned Rob Doun, or Brown Robert, a man of extraordinary and entirely uncultivated talent. Rob Doun wrote exquisite ballads on the chase and other topics. Rob was a deer-stalker, with no luck in evading punishment for poaching. An account of him appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1831, and a published collection of his poems, if early, is something worth paying a high price for.

Reay and Blackmount are, as announced in these columns recently, to be let.

Dunphail, the fine sporting and residential estate, eight miles west of Forbes, is about to be placed in the market. The moor of 12,000 acres and the Divie, a salmon tributary of the Findhorn, have only to be mentioned to testify to the high sporting quality of Dunphail. It belongs to Major the Hon. Robert Bruce, the second son of the late Earl of Elgin and Kincardine. Forbes is normally one of the driest regions in Scotland, but the Findhorn and Divie have,

on one occasion at least, enlarged their bounds suddenly and disastrously, and the account can be read in that of the Moray floods of 1829, by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder and other writers. The district is very fertile. The Divie, which receives the waters of the Dorback Burn from Lochin Dorb—noted for its castellated island, formerly the stronghold of "the Wolf of Badenoch"—enters the main stream through a defile thickly wooded with birch trees.

RAYNHAM 'HALL' TO BE LET.

THE MARQUESS TOWNSHEND'S trustees have instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to let Raynham Hall, Norfolk, furnished, and the sporting over 4,200 acres, and 2½ miles of trouting in the Wensum. Raynham, or Rainham, Hall was described and illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. xxiv, page 90).

The lakes in the grounds are a feature of The Wylds, an East Liss estate of 246 acres, for sale by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. They will offer Dale House, Hassocks, in June, for Captain Bernard Hamilton; and they have also to dispose of the late Sir Richard Cox's riverside residence, Manor Cottage, Windsor Great Park.

The Towers, Heybridge, a substantial residence in the Italian style, is to be offered for sale by auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The house stands in secluded grounds of 11 acres, within easy reach of the yachting anchorage in the Blackwater estuary. Highfields, Marlow, 22 acres, is to be submitted by this firm (in conjunction with Messrs. Hampton and Sons). The house, in the Elizabethan style, is in a well known sporting district. Next Friday, at Hythe, Broomlands, close to Hythe golf links and Folkestone, will be sold with possession. The sale of the contents is to follow.

ELSENHAM HALL, ESSEX.

THE Elsenham Hall estate of Sir Walter Gilbey, near Bishop's Stortford, is to come under the hammer of Messrs. Daniel Watney and Sons at an early date, including the stud farm and a total of 2,120 acres. It was the special pride of the late Sir Walter Gilbey, who did so much to improve the Old English cart-horse and the hackney, as well as of Jersey cattle, and in other ways he was a staunch and liberal friend of farming interests. While he held Elsenham Hall it contained probably the most comprehensive collection ever formed of the great English painters of animals—George Stubbs, Morland, Sartorius, Alken, Herring and many others being represented on the walls of the brick battlemented mansion.

Grey Court, Astrop, six miles from Brackley and Banbury, a seventeenth century residence with nearly 10 acres, handy for the meets of the Bicester, Grafton and Heythrop, has been sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.

LANDOWNING "LIMITED."

THE "Grafton Estates Company" has been registered at Somerset House as an "unlimited" concern, the directors being the Duke and Duchess of Grafton. Other estate companies include the "Howard de Walden Estates, Limited," the formation of which was announced some time ago in these columns, and "Dukeries, Limited." Certain substantial advantages are expected to accrue, in the way of less onerous liabilities to taxation, from the formation of such companies.

HIGHGATE OLD HALL.

THE pretty old place next to the church with the slender spire that stands on the top of the hill at Highgate, where lived Dr. Strong, to whom David Copperfield became secretary, is in the market. It is the stately old William and Mary house, known as The Old Hall, in South Grove, next to St. Michael's, the church which is visible for so many miles. The altitude of the house gives a commanding view over London, to the hills beyond the Crystal Palace. In his charming description of the Old Hall, Charles Dickens indicates that he knew that, before St. Michael's was built, there had stood on its site the seventeenth century home of Lord Mayor Ashurst, who had called it the Mansion House. Thackeray, in one tale, delineates the anguish of the family of a Lord Mayor upon the termination of their year of civic eminence. So far as sweet

environment might soften the blow of removal from "the" Mansion House, the Highgate pleasure probably did so for Sir William Ashurst's people. The Old Hall, and about two acres of real old world grounds, will be sold early in June by Messrs. Maple and Co., Limited, in conjunction with the local agents, Messrs. Prickett and Ellis. The demolition of the Mansion House is regrettable, as it was mainly or wholly inspired by Inigo Jones.

Cromwell House, Highgate Hill, built by Oliver Cromwell for his son-in-law, General Ireton, has been used for over fifty years as a convalescent home for the Hospital for Sick Children. The lease is for sale by Messrs. Prickett and Ellis. The staircase has a magnificently carved balustrade, and the newel posts, also finely ornamented, are capped by wooden figures about 18ins. high of ten or a dozen Cromwellian heroes. Much of the original woodwork has been painted over. There are some fine plaster ceilings. The grounds are extensive.

SUSSEX TIMBERING.

MESSRS. Dibblin and Smith, agents for Mr. Francis Marshall, have sold, on his behalf, the well known Sussex county seat Craneden, Mayfield, which occupies a beautiful position between Tunbridge Wells and Eastbourne. Most of the house is genuine early seventeenth century and stands in its fine park of over 140 acres. The remaining portion of the Craneden estate, comprising a farm of 80 acres, upon which is the bailiff's house, a lovely old Elizabethan residence full of old oak beams and other features, and restored only six years ago by Mr. Marshall, is to be sold by auction, with vacant possession, on May 5th, at Tunbridge Wells, by Messrs. Dibblin and Smith.

TWO OLD PRIORIES.

SMALL illustrated particulars have been prepared with a view to the sale of The Priory, Bradford-upon-Avon, Wilts, an old and much restored house in grounds of five acres. The oak roof of the hall was built in or about the year 1480 by Thomas Rogers, a Serjeant-at-Law, and the panelled walls were restored in 1680. The dining-room has a minstrels' gallery, and there is a small "justice room" with an archway of fifteenth century construction.

It is a matter for congratulation that so often in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries persons who happened to come into possession of ancient buildings made a lavish use of plaster in covering panelling and other old woodwork which otherwise might have suffered damage or destruction. It was so in the case, lately mentioned, of Anderson Manor, and at Canterbury, in the establishment of the Dominican Friars. An effort is to be made to buy it for the religious Order which held it in the twelfth century. Henry III was a generous friend of the Priory, but it shared the fate of every place of its kind at the Dissolution of the Monasteries. It was occupied for a long period by Huguenot refugees, and then by Anabaptists, who had it covered inside and out with a thick coat of plaster. Removal of the plaster has revealed a fine roof of chestnut and other features. The Very Rev. Fabian Dix of St. Dominic's Priory, Hampstead, is organising an appeal to archaeologists and others in the matter.

HARMONIOUS NEW WORK.

WITH reference to Great Tangley Manor, mentioned in our issue of April 8th (p. 490), as being to let furnished by Messrs. Winkworth and Co., it may be added that the property passed from Caryl's descendants, some time last century, to Sir Fletcher Norton, Speaker of the House of Commons, and from his descendant, Lord Grantley. Mr. Wicklow Flower bought it in 1884. Two years later the new owner commissioned Mr. Philip Webb to make certain enlargements, and these and the covered way, also mentioned, were carried out with admirable taste and success, and one of their merits is unobtrusiveness. They do not leap to the eyes of anyone looking at the old house, and when they are seen they harmonise absolutely with the older work. The garden, designed some few years ago, owes much to Mr. Philip Webb's inspiration, and it has formed the subject of a separate article in these columns. Beautiful old furniture fills the manor house. ARBITER.